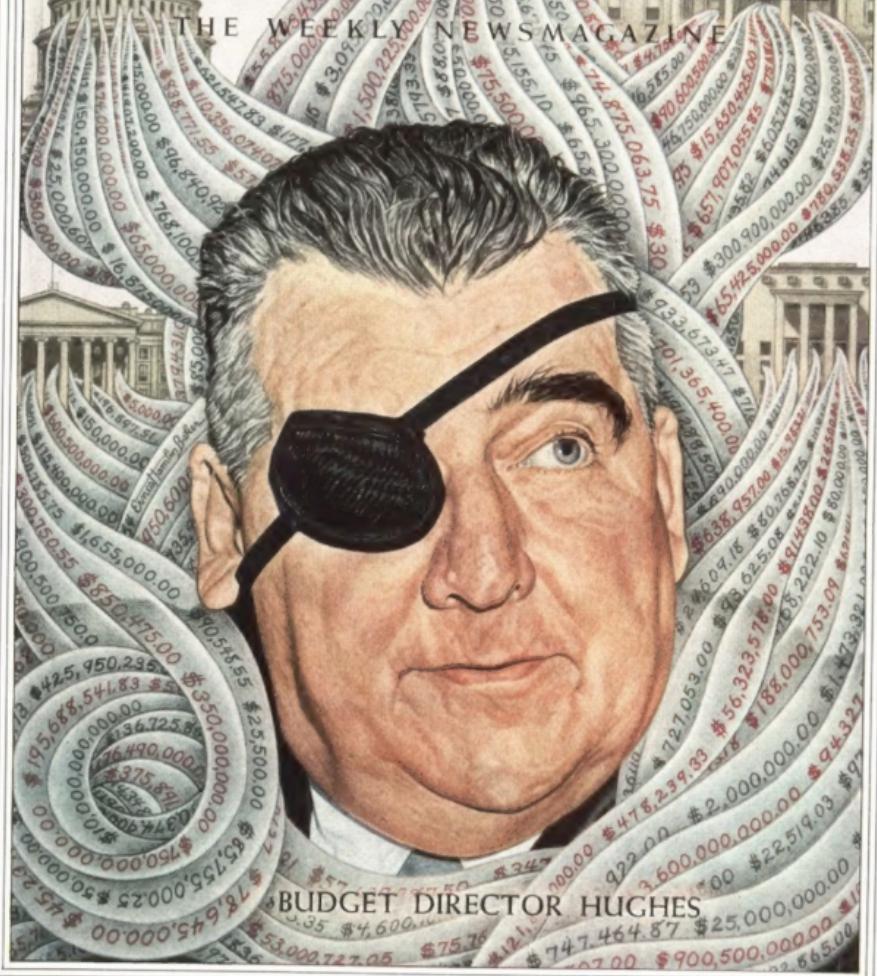


TWENTY-CENTS

JANUARY 23, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



\$6.00 A YEAR

VOL. LXVII NO. 4



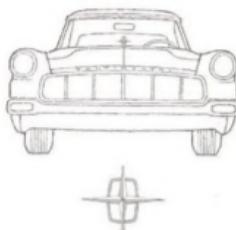
For the man who knows the secret of being inconspicuously important

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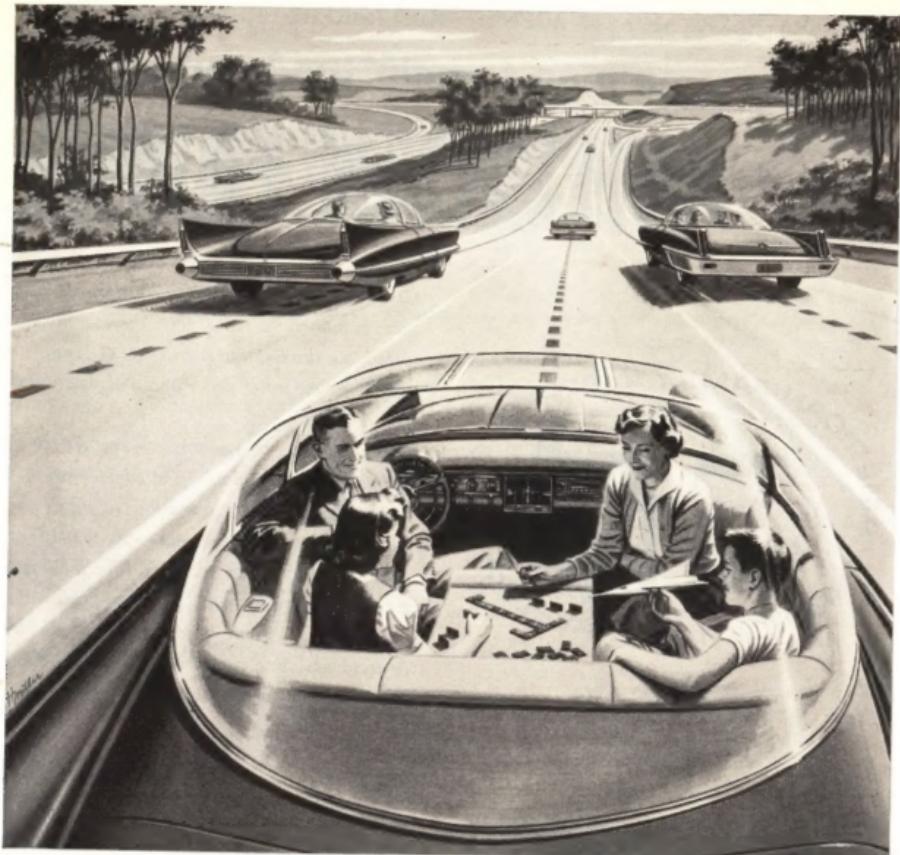


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*Names on request from this magazine.

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As a thoughtful man you take the time to work out these personal problems—and you don't close your mind to the things that could happen in case of sickness, accident, fire or the possibility of your family having to carry on without you.

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Lots of men used to think they couldn't retire until after 65. But you can set your own retirement age with a Travelers plan for American Family Independence. A talk with your Travelers man will show you how easy it is.

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:

Harlow Curtice—what an astounding selection! Just offhand, I can name a hundred likelier choices among them: Eisenhower, Khrushchev, Dulles, the Pope, Schweitzer and Sibelius. I regard your choice as a cowardly surrender to your business office, and I will never read your magazine again.

JOHN C. MOYNIHAN

Andover, Mass.

Sir:

Hooyay for Curtice as Man of the Year. It is great to have the Curtices, the Watsons, the Fords, the Wilsons, the Eisenhowers—the doers in place of the do-gooders guiding the country.

BOB ELY

Roswell, N. Mex.

Sir:

Since when did Curtice really do anything more world-shaking than sell a few highly overrated cars? It was Jonas Salk all the way . . .

HOMER HUMBERT

Rockville, Md.

Sir:

Having just walked home in freezing weather for the second time in a week due to one of Mr. Curtice's new lemons, I was shocked to see him on your Jan. 2 cover.

EARL BOONIN

Philadelphia

Sir:

I can hardly wait to read the squawks from the fogheads (better word than eggheads) about your choice of Curtice.

E. C. IMBIE

Pittsburgh

Sir:

A sign of the times! TIME worships the golden calf.

RICHARD HENSCHKE

Utica, N.Y.

Sir:

Outsiders can see why we worship Curtice. He is successful. He heads the outfit that did more trumpeting, and gorged the style-frantic buyer with more overpowered automobiles than can fit on U.S. roads today.

DONALD E. CLARK

Philadelphia

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME INC., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00; Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-speeded editions to Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr., \$8.00; 2 yrs., \$12.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Cuba, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Central America, South America, West Indies, Continental Europe, Guam and Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00.

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Sir:

Though I would have personally chosen another, I must admit that your selection touches the pulse of our economic system. Your statement that much American prosperity "was directly attributable to . . . the automobile" is perhaps the truest yet made in estimating our big year of 1955. Those of us who live in the "steel city" feel keenly that the automobile is indirectly a product of our labor, and when that industry is healthy, we are healthy . . .

J. L. WAARA

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Why award the palm to the man who has rammed 4,000,000 cars down the throats of helpless dealers, putting many of them out of business, gone farthest toward bankrupting the country with credit sales of unnecessary cars at extravaganzas prices and safely away with a boasted billion dollars of net profits?

E. M. CLARK

Austin, Texas

Sir:

I heartily endorse your selection of Harlow Curtice as Man of the Year. His foresight and courage paid dividends for every American.

J. H. HOWARD

Omaha

Sir:

Curtice is a true symbol of our debt-burdened generation. Could he be the paid piper of mammon, whose honking horn lures us into the quicksand of two-toned time payments?

LINDSEY C. FOSTER

Pennsboro, W. Va.

Sir:

Commendable indeed is TIME's selection. Curtice is more than spokesman for big business in the fight against Communism; he's spokesman for the big heart and the big soul in human relations in all business, and small businessmen have little to fear from such leadership. Even "big labor" and "little labor" know Curtice as a fair guy.

EVERETT VAN EVERY

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

The last paragraph of your story was read by me with special interest. The line of reasoning which you presented—the possibility of building a better culture on the firm

tional cost by calling Western Union by number and asking for Operator 25.

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foundation of quickly earned, material well-being—is one of my main beliefs. During the past ten years, I have been going back and forth around the nation, trying to persuade our fellow countrymen that the American economy is stronger than they think and that there exists the possibility of our building a better and more beautiful America. I suspect that many of my hearers have thought that these ideas represented nothing more than idealistic optimism.

PHILIP WERNETTE

Professor of Business Administration
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

I heartily approve of your selection. I criticize, however, the picture you ran of him sitting at his desk, next to a large brass cupid. If Mr. Curtice likes to indulge in a quiet chew of plug tobacco, it is all right with me, but the majority of people consider this a filthy habit.

HERMAN PINETTI, M.D.

La Jolla, Calif.

Sir:

Does Curtice use that shiny goboно? It's quite out of character with the plush surroundings.

MARTIN McGOWAN JR.

Appleton, Minn.

¶ Curtice, a tidy cigarette smoker, uses the brass goboно as a floor ash-tray.—Ed.

A Man & His Prayers

Sir:

May we thank you for the sympathetic story you wrote [Jan. 2] about Adlai Stevenson? We are so used to picking up the magazine, bracing ourselves when we come to "Democrats," all prepared to see the most unflattering picture of the week depicting someone or something, and reading a slanted article. This was a most welcome change.

GENEVIEVE J. PRYOR

Fayetteville, Ark.

Napoleonic Whodunit

Sir:

In your Dec. 26 item, dealing with the cause of Napoleon's death, it seems odd that the French magazine *Arts*, which now charges the English with inventing a verdict of cancer to suppress news of a tropical disease contracted by St. Helena, doesn't know that the same charge was made in 1857 by Raoul Brice, Lieut. General of the French Army, in a book called *The Riddle of Napoleon*. He says the malady was an abscess of the liver complicated by amebic dysentery contracted on the island—approximately the sense of your article. He also flatly accuses the English of fabricating carcinoma, to quiet the Bonaparte faction, and to get off the hook of cruelty to an eminent prisoner by confining him in an unhealthy place.

JAMES M. CAIN

Hyattsville, Md.

Sir:

No need for *Arts* to look for the Machiavellian machinations of perfidious Albion in the erroneous diagnosis, because pathological anatomy was, at the time of Napoleon's death, only in the initial phase.

ALBERT DE GROAT, M.D.

Detroit

Arabian Blight

Sir:

TIME's coverage of what is happening in the explosive Middle East has perhaps surpassed in objective accuracy that of any

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other American periodical. I was, therefore, shocked by the interpretation of what is happening in Saudi Arabia in your issue of Dec. 19.

I shall not argue any of the specific and highly arguable charges your reporter made. Let me only say that it was not fair to rely on H. St. John Philby for an analysis of the present regime in Saudi Arabia. I have great respect for Philby as a historian; having failed in his mission in Saudi Arabia and having been booted out of the country, he is hardly an objective commentator on the present regime. Nor can Benjamin Shwadran, the editor of the pro-Israeli, anti-Arabic journal, *Middle Eastern Affairs*, be properly quoted without balancing his charges with the defense of an anti-Israeli, pro-Arabic writer.

No country in modern times, if ever, has advanced so rapidly as Saudi Arabia. It would not be an exaggeration to say that it has caught up with 100 years' lag in one generation. If there are still a hundred or so years to be caught up with, what is needed from a responsible reporter giving millions of Americans the only picture they have of the country is praise for the enormous accomplishments that have been made and encouragement for the difficult metamorphoses still ahead.

The real hope for the future of Saudi Arabia is that the former strong friendship and admiration for America, now strained and wearing thin because of unwise American policy in the area, may be restored, and the promising partnership of a few years ago revived.

GARLAND EVANS HOPKINS

Executive Vice President

American Friends of the Middle East, Inc.
New York City

Sir:

For two years I was with the Arabian American Oil Co. in Saudi Arabia. I had long hoped to see an article such as yours. It is long, long overdue. But whose fault is it that the money is being squandered by men with no civic consciousness? The Americans in the Arabian American Oil Co. responsible for King Saud's position, and, when there was a chance to start him off on the right track with his millions, we lacked the faith in ourselves to do it.

AUSTIN M. KELLAM

Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir:

With a few figures, your "Decay in the Desert" makes it startlingly clear why King Saud trembles with anger and fear at the very thought of Israel. This young, vigorous neighboring democracy is a palpable threat to his disease-festered, corruption-ridden, feudal police-state.

FRANK HALL

Philadelphia

The Snark Facts

Sir:

I read with interest your Dec. 19 article "Pioneers in Space," in which you mention the "mishaps" attendant on the Snark missile program. I am sure that not only the employees of Northrop Aircraft, Inc., but the military personnel close to the project, share my conviction that the Snark has contributed far too much to U.S. missile technology to be dismissed with a feeble witicism [the Snark-infested waters of Cape Canaveral]. At the time the Snark program began, immediately after World War II, the problems of developing an accurate intercontinental missile were widely considered impossible of solution; the project has yielded both an airframe and a guidance system which have been tested and proved to an unexampled



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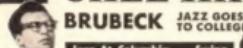


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KENNETH B. YOST

Supervisor, Hydraulics and Controls Dept., Engineering Test Northrop Aircraft, Inc.
Hawthorne, Calif.

¶ The witticism should not be credited to TIME but to irreverent members of the armed forces.—ED.

Christ's Grandmother

Sir:

Novelist Frances Parkinson Keyes has quite a story in *St. Anne, Grandmother of Our Saviour* [Dec. 26] . . . But if this "Anne" was so wonderful, why didn't her daughter Mary turn at once, and naturally, to her at the moment of the Annunciation? In Mary's moment of perplexity, amazement and exhilaration, she went with haste to her cousin Elisabeth and stayed with her for about three months! (*Luke 1:39 and 56*)

(THE REV.) FRANK LAWRENCE

First United Presbyterian Church
Indiana, Pa.

Sir:

It seems to me that Novelist Keyes is being unfair to Christ's grandfather, and I protest against this slight against us males.

M. NOVELLA

Miami

Beersheba's Hospital

Sir:

In reporting a gift of \$1,000,000 by the I.L.G.W.U. to build a new hospital in Beersheba, Israel, we were distressed to read [Jan. 2] that the city of Beersheba "has no hospital." It is my duty to report to you that Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America, has been maintaining a hospital in Beersheba since November 1949. It currently has 101 beds, and annually treats more than 5,000 patients, including a substantial percentage of Arabs . . .

MIRIAM FREUND

Vice President-in-charge

Hadassah
New York City

MacArthur & Mitchell

Sir:

Regarding your Dec. 26 review of *The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell*: throughout the years I've read Emile Gauvreau's and Lester Cohen's *Billy Mitchell*, Isaac Don Levine's *Mitchell: Pioneer of Air Power* and others. I do not recall any more than an unsubstantiated rumor that MacArthur voted for acquittal . . .

CHARLES R. KELLER JR.
Colonel, U.S.A.F.

Mobile, Ala.

¶ Author Levine reports that after the trial a newspaperman, rummaging through a wastepaper basket which held the discarded ballots, discovered that MacArthur had voted for acquittal. In a letter addressed to Senator Wiley of Wisconsin (who had requested confirmation of the story), and published in the *Congressional Record* (Feb. 10, 1947), MacArthur said: ". . . Your recollection of my part in [Mitchell's] trial is entirely correct. It was fully known to him and he never ceased to express his gratitude for my attitude . . ." —ED.



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Vol. LXVII No. 4

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 23, 1956

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE*

United Press

THE NATION

Wake Up & Act

President Eisenhower's illness and convalescence brought no visible damage in the domestic sphere. The Administration's goals and standards were set and clear. When circumstances called for the generation of new policy (e.g., the soil bank program), Eisenhower aides went ahead with the necessary plans.

Not so in foreign policy. After the Communists returned to their tough line at the second Geneva conference in October, a restatement of U.S. international attitudes, goals and policies was needed. To be effective, such redefinition had to come from the President.

Instead, initiative passed to Communist hands in the last months of 1955. Secretary Dulles and others now seem to sense this. The U.S. delegation to the U.N. sent Dulles a ringing call for a more dynamic U.S. approach to world economic policy. Last week Dulles released this document, saying that he and the President fully agreed with it.

The message had a tone of great urgency. It concluded: "We could lose this economic contest [with Communism] unless the country as a whole wakes up to all its implications." The urgent tone is justified by current facts. But there is no evidence that it is "the country as a whole" that needs to wake or act. The public has not dragged its heels in this decade on any foreign policy effort.

Now that the need for action is recognized in Washington, the next step is for the State Department and the President to spell out "the implications" in terms of a specific program. The country as a whole can hardly do that for them.

THE PRESIDENCY

A Time for Testing

At 8 o'clock on a miserable, sleeting Washington morning last week, a telephone alert went out through the White House. Presidential Secretary Ann Whiteman glanced around her desk to make certain everything was ready; ushers and doormen snapped to attention. Down in an elevator from his living quarters, out through a rear door and across the Rose Garden to his office in the west wing came Dwight Eisenhower. The President of the U.S. was working back into a full-time schedule—and hardly had he sat down at his desk than the babble of speculation about his political intentions grew even louder.

For the President, it was clearly a time of testing, as much a part of his medically prescribed regimen as his four weeks of bed rest and his three months of gradual convalescence. He was on a six-hour daily work schedule, with two hours off for lunch and midday rest. Into his office throughout the week paraded a succession of important callers: Secretary of State Dulles (twice alone and once with others), Attorney General Brownell (to discuss the President's upcoming message on changes in immigration laws), Economic Advisers Arthur Burns and Gabriel Hauge, Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss and National Security Aide Dillon Anderson (to talk about getting the President's atoms-for-peace program back on the international track), Defense Mobilization Chief Arthur Flemming, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, Defense Secretary Charles Wilson and Republican congressional leaders (for an 80-minute conference in which the Presi-

dent urged high priority for his farm-policy recommendations).

"Excellent Condition." There was satisfying evidence of work done. The President appointed an eight-man watchdog committee, headed by Massachusetts Institute of Technology President James R. Killian Jr., to examine and report on the work of the U.S. intelligence agencies. He sent to Congress a message proposing a five-year, \$2 billion federal aid program for public-school construction. He asked Congress to appropriate \$60 million for flood relief. He accepted the resignation of Treasury Under Secretary H. Chapman Rose, who is returning to his Cleveland law practice. He welcomed back Aide Bernard Shanley, who had left the White House staff briefly during the President's illness. Shanley's main duties are to hold down the number of presidential visitors to reasonable proportions and to devise ways of easing the President's workload; e.g., when Ike last week signed documents appointing 155 persons to public office, the lists were consolidated so as to reduce the number of necessary signatures to ten. All in all it was a well-spent week, and the *New York Times* said happily of the President: "He is giving us the leadership. There is nothing in the messages we have had, nothing in the immediate news from Washington since Mr. Eisenhower returned from Key West, to suggest that we are being governed by a coronary occlusion."

At midweek, in his upstairs study in the White House, President Eisenhower underwent his first cardiographic and

* From left: Treasury Secretary Humphrey, the President, Secretary of State Dulles, National Security Aide Dillon Anderson, AEC Commissioner Strauss, Defense Secretary Charles Wilson.

blood-analysis tests in a month. Press Secretary James Hagerty reported that the doctors had found that the President's "condition is excellent, and he benefited greatly from the exercise and relaxation" at Key West.

"We Owe It . . ." Since Ike's return to work came against the fascinating political backdrop of his Key West news conference (TIME, Jan. 16), it was only natural that there should be a freshening tide of interest in his political plans. This began, inevitably, on the floors of Congress. New York's Republican Representative W. Sterling ("Stub") Cole, one of the staunchest Ike men on Capitol Hill, handed Republican Leader Joe Martin a four-page speech and asked Martin to have it inserted in the *Congressional Record*. Martin did so without reading Cole's remarks. If he had looked at them, he would certainly have hesitated, for Stub Cole was saying what Republicans like to hear least: that four more years in office might very well kill Dwight Eisenhower. Said Cole: "As a partisan, it would serve the short-term interest of my party to have our great leader once again at the head of the ticket. But as a Republican, it would be to substitute expediency for right, politics for principle. We owe it to Dwight Eisenhower, we owe it to ourselves, and we owe it to our country so to comport ourselves in compassion and understanding that in fulfillment of his highest duty he may relinquish with honor the heavy burdens of his office."

Republican leaders were still trying to figure out an answer to Cole when attention was distracted by some sneering remarks made by Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Robert Kerr in a newsletter to constituents. Wrote Kerr, referring to the fact that the President's State of the Union message had been read for him: "The fact that he was physically unable to deliver it in person is evidence that it was either much too long or that those so urgently pushing him . . . should take warning lest they put too great a burden on his physical reserve. However, these Republicans are so alarmed about their own low political reserve they plan to bring Ike to the G.O.P. Convention [in San Francisco] even if he has to stay in Letterman General Hospital, which reportedly is preparing a suite for him." Republicans said the hospital had received no such request, and they loudly cried foul at Kerr.

Assent or Dissent? Meanwhile, the relentless timetable of an election year moved on, and it had a direct bearing on Ike and Republicans.

New Hampshire's Governor Lane Dwinell entered his name in his state's March 13 primary as a delegate favorable to Eisenhower, said he would put Ike in the New Hampshire popularity poll (which is separate from the delegate contest), and that he looked for White House sanction for the move. But before Dwinell could get around to it, a car dealer named Maurice Grant rushed in and entered Eisenhower in the popularity poll. Informed of the New Hampshire developments, Press

Secretary Hagerty commented, "I would suspect that when . . . notification arrives from the secretary of state of New Hampshire . . . that notification will be answered by the President."

Illinois' Governor William Stratton said he would enter Eisenhower's name in his state's April 10 primary. Hagerty reported that "under the Illinois law, there is nothing the President needs to do. Consequently, there will be no official statement from here signifying either assent or dissent. I want to make it clear, however, that lack of any assent or dissent cannot be taken to mean that the President has yet made any ultimate decision."

Minnesota Republican leaders said they would place the President's name in their March 20 primary, claimed to have assurances that it would not be withdrawn (under Minnesota law, the name would stay on the ballot unless the President specifically asked that it be removed).

President Eisenhower seemed unbothered by these mounting pressures. He stuck to his desk and his schedule, still testing his heart, his body and stamina before making a final decision about running again. At work week's end, he went to his studio on the second floor of the White House, faced his easel and painted under a north light. It seemed that at least Dwight Eisenhower was relaxed—even if nobody else was.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

Happy Birthday?

The position of Vice President Richard Nixon is one of the most interesting—and difficult—in U.S. politics. Long before the President's heart attack, Nixon was a favorite target of Democrats who felt it unprofitable to criticize Dwight Eisenhower. With the post-coronary realization that Nixon may very well be the man



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON
No choice but the chin.

they have to beat this November, the Democratic concentration against him has become even more intense. By itself, the let's-get-Nixon drive would be as much a compliment as a disadvantage to him if it were not for a peculiarity of the vice-presidency considered as a political stance. At best, it is a poor political pulpit. With a President whose health is a matter of public speculation, a Vice President who attempts to defend himself seems to be trying to supplant the President. Nixon, therefore, has had little choice but to stay quiet and take it on the chin. By now the chin is so thoroughly bruised by glancing blows that some Republican leaders are saying he would be a poor candidate because the opposition to him is so strong.

There are, however, many high-placed Republicans who have great sympathy for Nixon's dilemma, and last week they tried to express their feelings. On the occasion of Nixon's 43rd birthday, a party in the auditorium of the National Press Club was given by the Chowder and Marching Society, an organization of G.O.P. Congressmen who came to the House at the same time as Nixon. It was a cold and icy night, but this was no ordinary turnout. On hand were nearly all members of the Eisenhower Cabinet, the White House staff, most G.O.P. Congressional leaders. From President Eisenhower came two congratulatory messages—one to Nixon personally, the other to be read at the birthday party.

But when Nixon (who, like the other members of the Chowder and Marching Society, had been looking a little uneasy in a chef's cap and apron) arose to speak, he found himself full-face against his problem: political motives would be read into anything of substance that he might say. He had, therefore, to content himself with the unimportant.

After the gracious observation that "politics has given me the best ten years of my life," Nixon might have been wise to sit down. But, feeling the tension of his position and not wishing to seem unappreciative of the gesture that the gathering represented, he kept on talking, finally trailing off in a series of isn't-it-wonderful platitudes that left his audience both embarrassed and bored. The fact was that, however good the intentions of the guests may have been, it was almost impossible to make it a happy birthday for Dick Nixon.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Uproar Over a Brink

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles last week found himself—surely without surprise—in the center of a new national and international uproar. It began when the Secretary gave TIME-LIFE Washington Bureau Chief James Shepley, in an exclusive interview in LIFE, his interpretation of how the Eisenhower Administration has kept the peace. There have been three times in the last three years, Shepley reported, when the U.S. "was brought perilously close to war, and when

the new policy of deterrence instituted by Dulles preserved peace." Shepley reported Dulles' interpretation:

Korea, June 1953. Dulles warned Red China through India's Prime Minister Nehru that the U.S. was prepared to attack Manchurian bases with atomic weapons if the Communists did not sign a truce agreement at Panmunjom. Although South Korea's President Syngman Rhee subsequently and illegally released 22,000 Chinese and North Korean P.W.s, the Communists decided to sign.

Indo-China, April 1954. Dulles flew to London to advocate united action to save the French fortress at Dienbienphu. Dulles returned believing the British had agreed to support him, but two weeks later "the British had had a change of heart." Nonetheless, Dulles now contends, his readiness to intervene in Indo-China gave the British and French a basis of strength from which they negotiated the truce agreement at Geneva. Shepley wrote: "Dulles had seen to it that the Chinese and the Soviets knew that the U.S. was prepared to act decisively to prevent the fall of all of Southeast Asia."

Formosa Strait, 1954-55. Dulles felt that the Communists were deterred from attacking the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu by the resolution, framed by himself and passed by the Congress, giving the President a free hand to use U.S. forces against the Communists if they attacked Formosa and related territories. Shepley added: "Dulles has never doubted, incidentally, that Eisenhower would have regarded an attack on Quemoy and the Matisus as an attack on Formosa."

Dulles summed up the historical argument: "Nobody is able to prove mathematically that it was the policy of deterrence which brought the Korean war to an end and which kept the Chinese from sending their Red armies into Indo-China, or that it finally stopped them in Formosa. I think it is a pretty fair inference that it has."

"Verge of War." Dulles explained to Shepley that his concept of retaliation did not mean the starting of World War III, but the fitting of the punishment to the crime. Limited targets in the Korea and Indo-China crises, for example, were selected in the event that retaliation became necessary. "They were specific targets reasonably related to the area. They did not involve massive destruction of great population centers like Shanghai, Peking or Canton. Retaliation must be on a selective basis. The important thing is that the aggressor know in advance that he is going to lose more than he can win. He doesn't have to lose much more. It just has to be something more. If the equation is such that the outcome is clearly going to be against him, he won't go in."

Dulles pointed out that such a policy of deterrence inevitably involved great risks. "You have to take chances for peace, just as you must take chances in war. Some say that we were brought to the verge of war. Of course we were



United Press

SECRETARY OF STATE DULLES

If you are scared, you are lost.

brought to the verge of war. The ability to get to the verge without getting into the war is the necessary art. If you cannot master it, you inevitably get into war. If you try to run away from it, if you are scared to go to the brink, you are lost. We've had to look it square in the face—on the question of enlarging the Korean war, on the question of getting into the Indo-China war, on the question of Formosa. We walked to the brink and we looked it in the face. We took strong action. It took a lot more courage for the President than for me. His was the ultimate decision. I did not have to make the decision myself, only to recommend it. The President never flinched for a minute on any of these situations. He came up taut."

After publication of the LIFE article, Dulles affirmed that he stood by his statements "from the standpoint of their substance."

"A Planned Mistake." The hostile criticism passed over Dulles' reiteration of the passive tense ("We were brought to the verge of war") and concentrated on his seemingly active mood ("The ability to get to the verge without getting into war is the necessary art"). Some of the attacks took off from the word "gamble" which appeared nowhere in the article but was used in the promotional headline on LIFE's cover: "How Dulles Gambled and Won." Democratic Candidate Adlai Stevenson said: "I am shocked that the Secretary of State is willing to play Russian roulette with the life of our nation . . . On too many occasions the Republican Administration has acted unilaterally without adequate regard for our allies." Senator Hubert Humphrey made three formal statements in which he accused Dulles of "hocus-pocus . . . fraud . . . callousness toward world opinion." The New York Times' James Reston

concluded: "Mr. Dulles has added something new to the art of diplomatic blundering. This is the planned mistake. He doesn't stumble into booby traps; he digs them to size, studies them carefully, and then jumps."

From London to New Delhi, diplomats and editorial writers pounced on Dulles. The British Foreign Office in effect challenged Dulles' interpretation of the end of the Indo-China war, denying that Britain had ever told Dulles it would intervene. British newspapers reflected concern that a revival of "tougher" U.S. diplomacy might now be in store. "A dance of death," cried the London Daily Mail. "Heaven protect us from this edgy gambler," said the Daily Mirror, "and his careless way of making his risky throws known to all the world."

Eagerly the Communists jumped into the fray. "The ignoble . . . theoretician of the policy of strength," Moscow Radio called Dulles. Peking Radio hurled a Chinese proverb at him: "A man who has had his face slapped into a bloated shape can only pretend he has gained weight." Headlined the U.S. Daily Worker: DULLES AGAINST THE WORLD.

Keeping the Peace. Two weeks from now the U.S.-British rift will come up for mending, when Prime Minister Eden visits President Eisenhower in Washington. The fears and feelings of U.S. allies are important, but against them must be balanced the necessity of keeping before the world's mind the central fact of the peace: Communist aggression has been deterred only by the willingness and the ability of the free world to go to war rather than cringe before the threats.

At week's end Vice President Richard Nixon restated Dulles in simple terms that may survive all references to "chance" or "brink" or "art." Praising Dulles, Nixon said: "The test of a foreign policy is its ability to keep the peace without surrendering any territory or any principle. And that great fact about the Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy will stand out long after the tempest in a teapot over the expression [brink of war] is forgotten."

AGRICULTURE Attacking the Surpluses

Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson presented himself before the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry one morning last week, radiating ease and self-assurance. Three days earlier, President Eisenhower had sent to the Congress an 8,000-word farm program designed to reduce the country's agricultural commodity surpluses and to end the down-drift in farm income. The President had held firmly to Benson's principle of flexible price supports, making no concessions to those—including Democratic Candidate Adlai Stevenson—who advocate rigid high price supports.

Benson told the Senate committee that the surpluses lay at the heart of the farm problem. "Our surpluses must be reduced

as the essential precondition for the success of a sound farm program," he said. "Storage costs run about a million dollars a day." Worse, the surpluses, which were largely created by high price supports, depress the market; the high supports thus have the opposite effect to that intended. Benson told the Senators: "The huge surpluses reduced farm income in 1955 by the staggering sum of more than \$1 billion. What the President proposed is a direct and effective attack on the surpluses themselves."

Soil-Bank Plan. The heart of the President's program, Benson testified, is the "soil-bank" plan, designed to cut plantings of wheat and cotton by perhaps 20%. The bank would consist of an "acreage reserve" and a "conservation reserve," which would cost the taxpayers \$1 billion over the next three years. Farmers choosing to join the acreage reserve would take specific acres temporarily out of production, receiving compensation based on a percentage of the normal yield. Compensation would be paid, Benson testified, in a novel way: the farmers would get certificates redeemable by the Commodity Credit Corp. in cash or in surplus commodities. Benson explained: "We would use the surplus to use up the surplus." Farmers who joined the conservation reserve would get compensation for taking acres out of production for five to ten years and for planting grass or trees; these farmers would have to guarantee not to graze livestock on their conservation reserve for a specified period, so as not to add to the surplus of livestock and food.

Benson also recommended a vigorous effort to dispose of the surpluses already held by the U.S., even by selling or bartering in the grain-short Communist colonies of Eastern Europe. His program also included a proposal to help some 1.5 million low-income farmers to improve their farming efficiency or, failing that, to aid them in their transition to non-farm employment.

Package Deal. When he had finished reading his 19-page statement, Benson leaned back, clasped his hands and invited questions from the Senators. Senate Agriculture Committee Chairman Allen Ellender, a Louisiana Democrat, asked whether any of the new benefits would get through to the farmers "immediately," i.e., before the presidential election. Benson claimed that the program, if enacted, would provide "immediate buoyancy." Ellender moved on to fundamentals: "Would you have any objection to our writing into the law a provision for rigid price supports for quality crops?" Benson flushed. "I look with favor on production of quality crops," he replied, "[but] we could be right back in a situation where we were getting so much quality production that we'd be piling it up in warehouses again." Despite Benson's argument, however, the committee was clearly getting ready to write a package farm program of its own, embodying most of the President's relief measures.

plus the re-establishment of rigid high price supports. Already, eight of the 15 committeemen—including three Republican Senators—favored such a package deal. Senate and House Republicans alike doubted that the President would dare to veto such a bill in an election year in the teeth of loud discontent in the farm areas. "I don't see how he could," said one Republican veteran.

But Ezra Benson is a determined man. The toughest farm policy fight in years seemed to be boiling up.

POLITICAL NOTES

Up & Down Hill

Last week U.S. politicians were marching up and down hill. Items:

¶ On his way to New Hampshire, Tennessee's Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver stopped over in Boston, ran into ugly weather, donned a slicker and sou'wester



Associated Press

CAMPAIGNER KEFAUVER
Captain Ahab or the Biscuit Boy?

that made it a hard choice as to whether he most resembled Captain Ahab or the Unaeda Biscuit boy. In New Hampshire, Kefauver cried: "I'm here to win." Later he explained: "I want to be President of the U.S. because I have great ambitions for our country." In the same spirit, he refused to pose for photographers in his familiar coonskin cap, saying that he has reluctantly scrapped it as his political symbol because "some people think it's a little undignified." Thrown behind schedule by handshakers at Portsmouth, Estes glowed, "Now I know why it's so pleasant to campaign in New Hampshire." Not so pleasant was his situation in home-state Tennessee, where Governor Frank Clement was making plans to go to Chicago as a favorite-son candidate, thereby leaving Kefauver out in the cold.

¶ Adlai Stevenson asked New Hampshire supporters not to enter him in the state's

presidential primary. Stevenson said he is running in the Minnesota primary, which comes a week after New Hampshire's, and "to enter both would mean that I could not do in either what I think ought to be done to make a primary election really meaningful." Dartmouth College Professor Herbert W. Hill, the man to whom Stevenson wrote, said that a slate of delegate candidates favorable to Stevenson would be entered anyway.

¶ Chicago Daily Newsman Ed Lahey reported that he had wired Thomas E. Dewey, seeking an interview about the possibility that Dewey might again be a presidential candidate. By wire Dewey replied: "Don't pay any attention to any political talk about me. It is nonsense. My only interest is in the renomination and election of the President."

¶ One time (1940-45) Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard announced that he would seek the Democratic nomination for the Indiana seat in the U.S. Senate now held by Republican Homer Capehart.

¶ The way was opened for Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins, now filling out an unexpired term, to run for reelection. A circuit judge ruled that the Florida law prohibiting a governor from succeeding himself does not apply in Collins' case.

Unblinking Candidate

As though trying to make the TV lens blink first, Ohio's five-term Democratic Governor Frank Lausche turned his massive head and stared squarely into the eye of the *Meet the Press* camera. Making a rare appearance on national television last week, Lausche's words were just as direct as his gaze.

Because he hardly ever wanders outside of Ohio and tends strictly to business within his state, Lausche is not well known to most politicians and pundits, who have only the general impression that he is conservative in his outlook, eccentric in his behavior and unbeatable in Ohio elections. But after his refreshingly candid *Meet the Press* performance, there was no longer any reason for ignorance about the political specifics of Frank Lausche, who is running for the U.S. Senate this year and is an announced favorite-son candidate for President.

Lausche was first asked* why he is not running again for governor. Said he: "My belief is that I could have been elected a sixth time. I want to tell you frankly, however, that I would have felt embarrassed to go to the voters and ask them to vote for me on six separate occasions." Does Lausche plan to seek presidential delegate votes outside Ohio? "I know my limitations, and I want to say to you that I am not going to look to the stars, grasping into the limitless space while my feet are stumbling in the pitfalls of the office which I now have to administer." Lausche's estimate of his presidential pos-

* The questioners were regular Panel Member Lawrence Spivak, Jack Bell of the Associated Press, May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press-Herald* and Clyde Mann of the Akron *Beacon-Journal*.



"That's the spirit . . ."

sibilities: "I will not have a chance." Lausche explained that he is running in Ohio's presidential primary only "with the purpose of preventing political bosses of Ohio from gaining control of the Ohio delegation and then using it as a pawn or a mess of pottage to trade for spoils and patronage at the national convention."

In reply to other specific questions, Lausche made other specific answers:

Q On tax cuts v. debt reduction. "I think one of the great dangers of our country lies in the fact that our debt is huge. Before we cut taxes, in my judgment, we ought to get our house in order and see that the debt is cut."

Q On the Taft-Hartley Act. "I think that the Taft-Hartley Act, far beyond the understanding of the general public, was intended to give protection to all workers, and I think that's the spirit in which our Government should run."

Q On rigid farm supports. "I understand that we now have \$7 billion worth of surplus products in the storage bins of the country . . . In my judgment, the rigid farm supports contributed toward the building up of that surplus. I do not feel that rigid farm supports are the answer to the problem. I do think that the soil bank which they are now advocating is one element in reaching a solution."

Q On whether Lausche's religion (Roman Catholic) is a liability in presidential politics: "I would want people to judge me in the same light that Thomas Jefferson asked that they judge him. He said, 'My religion with my God belongs to Him and me. It's a matter of private concern. Do not judge me by my religion; judge me by my deeds and my conduct. And if you think they have indicated a devotion to my community, my state and my nation, then the religion by which it has been guided undoubtedly must be good.'"¹⁸

Q On whether he voted for Republican Robert Taft against Democrat Joe Ferguson in Ohio's 1950 senatorial election. "I know Joe Ferguson. He is a good man; he's a decent man. I knew Bob Taft and I had profound respect for him because of his courage and devotion to duty . . . If I would say that I did not vote for Bob

¹⁸ Lausche was obviously paraphrasing, quite probably from a Jefferson letter to John Adams: "Say nothing of my religion. It is known to my God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which regulated it cannot be a bad one."



OHIO'S GOVERNOR LAUSCHE ON TELEVISION
"The great dangers . . ."

Taft I would not be telling the truth."

Q On whether he would vote for Dwight Eisenhower against a Democratic presidential candidate. "Everything else being equal, I would support the Democrat, although I want to say to you that in my judgement President Eisenhower has brought unity of thought to the nation. I think he has honestly and sincerely tried to evolve programs that would help the social, economic and governmental structure of my country."

ARMED FORCES 1,500-Mile Missile

In his first formal press conference since becoming U.S. Army Chief of Staff last summer, General Maxwell D. Taylor proclaimed "real progress" in the development of Army guided missiles. His men were already using a missile (developed with the help of the German scientists who worked on the original V-2 rocket) with a range well exceeding 200 miles. In partnership with the Navy, the Army is working on a medium-range missile with a hoped-for effectiveness of 1,500 miles. "These missiles," said Taylor, "will give our forces tremendous destructive firepower ranging far ahead of and above our front lines, deep into the vital sources of strength of our enemy's ground forces."

Taylor fitted the 1,500-mile missile into an overall concept: we seek "to increase the deterrent power of America's military might so as to restrain war in all its forms." At week's end Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson reported to the Senate Armed Services Committee his service-by-service budget breakdown:

Army: A slight increase in strength to 19 divisions, plus ten regiments and 143 antiaircraft battalions.

Navy: Increase of 21 vessels and new naval air striking power.

Air Force: Increase from 127 to 137 wings, almost all of which will be jet-equipped by the summer of 1957.

Wilson told the Senators that the U.S. must constantly re-examine and re-evaluate its defense posture in the light of scientific advances, e.g., the development of the 1,500-mile missile. He concluded by reaffirming his faith in the "long-term" concept of mobilization, "a stability which is not materially disturbed by every propaganda effort of unfriendly nations or wishful thinking on the part of ourselves or our allies."



"Do not judge me . . ."

THE BUDGET

Two in a Row?

This week President Eisenhower made a report to Congress that he has been yearning to make since the day he was inaugurated. In the current fiscal year, ending next June 30, the Federal Government expects to be in the black by \$20 million after spending \$64.3 billion and collecting \$64.5 billion. In fiscal 1957, beginning next July, the Government plans to spend \$65.9 billion (up \$1.6 billion) and collect \$66.3 billion (up \$.8 billion). If everything goes as planned, Dwight Eisenhower will ring up the first two-in-a-row balanced budgets since 1947 and 1948.

Even on paper, the achievement will be considerable. Ike's budget-makers have worked hard for three years to cut unnecessary expenses, introduce modern management methods and get more return for every dollar spent (see below). But Ike was the first to point out that the all-important final weights in the balance came on the revenue side of the fulcrum: the tax yield from the prosperous second half of calendar 1956 will be unexpectedly good, and the Administration believes that 1957 will bring an even higher level of income.

Long-Range Promise. What Ike calls "protection" expenses will take 64% of the 1957 budget. In addition to the \$35.5 billion for the armed services, the President asks for \$1.9 billion for the Atomic Energy Commission, some \$230 million more than this year. And he again asked Congress to authorize his favorite atomic project, the nuclear-powered "peace ship," which "will carry the message ofAtoms-for-Peace to the ports of the world." On direct military aid to the allies, Ike plans to hold steady at the spending rate of \$2.5 billion. Economic aid will hover near \$1.7 billion, but the President wants Congress also to appropriate \$1.8 billion to apply against long-range foreign-aid commitments—a project that already has drawn the ire of Georgia's Walter George, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and of California's Bill Knowland, Senate minority leader.

Because of increased revenues, said Ike, "we can now propose the expansion of certain domestic programs." And with that muted trumpet blast, the Administration turned away from three years of stern domestic budget-trimming to heed

the clamor for some home-front expansion. The State Department, Ike said, needs an \$80 million raise "to strengthen" its staff, to build a new wing on its main building in Washington and new embassies and consulates abroad. The new federal school-construction program (*see EDUCATION*) requires a substantial down payment on the \$2 billion to be spent over the next five years, and the National Science Foundation needs a 15% raise (to \$41 million) to finance basic research and bolster the nation's supply of trained scientists.

Two years ago the budget proposed private financing of new power plants for TVA; the 1957 budget asks for funds to get going on some new Government-built steam plants pending congressional approval of a revenue bond program. The fixed Government charges roll on relentlessly: interest on the Government debt is budgeted at \$7 billion, and total veterans' benefits at \$4.0 billion, up \$86 million. By the end of the century, the President noted, veterans' compensation and pension payments may be twice the present \$3 billion unless some changes are made in the system.

Running Businessmen. To support this \$65.9 billion program with a balanced budget, the President asked Congress to continue all present taxes and promised that a "modest" payment would be made on the \$274 billion national debt. Treasury Secretary Humphrey, answering reporters' questions, added that the Administration would not consider a tax cut unless it turned up a surplus of more than \$2.5 billion at tax-collecting time next April, instead of the anticipated \$200 million.

Where would the increased income come from in fiscal 1957? From an increase in U.S. personal income from \$302.5 billion in 1955 to \$312.5 in 1956, said Humphrey. But he expects corporate profits to stand steady at \$43 billion this year, because businessmen, even with a higher volume, will run into higher costs and stiffer competition. Said a reporter: "I see a picture in my mind of businessmen running around being a lot more active but not making much more money. Is that what you mean?" Humphrey: "That's possible, but they'd still be doing pretty well."

The true sign of the times, however, is that the 1957 budget, although higher than Ike's 1956 budget, will still divert a smaller percentage of total national production to Government use. In fiscal 1953 federal spending was 20.6% of the Gross National Product; in fiscal 1955 it was 17.3%; in 1956 it is estimated at 16.6%, and in 1957 is figured to be only 16.4% of a G.N.P. waxing to an unprecedented \$400 billion. Nonetheless, by raising its 1957 request for new obligatory authority to an Eisenhower high of \$66 billion (which will come due in subsequent budget years), the Administration seemed to accept the fact that Federal Government is not going to get any smaller in the near future.

The Logical Man

[See Cover]

That table-thumping, hell-raising, commonsensical Republican, Charles Gates Dawes, could have had just about any job in Washington when Warren G. Harding was elected President in 1920. But Dawes, a banker by training and a rebel by instinct, wanted a job that didn't exist. "As much as I would like to see your Administration a success," he told Harding, "nothing could tempt me into public life now, except possibly Director of the Budget, if that office is created—and that

served determines how far in a given direction the ship will sail."

By the end of his year, the first Budget Director was so thoroughly in control that he had inspired cuts of \$1.7 billion in Government expenses from the preceding fiscal year. Then, with the pattern set (he hoped), he quit as he had said he would, "for I detest this life . . . As one who must be used to upset the status quo, I am not the logical man to continue the operation of the Budget Bureau."

Figures Talk. The logical man moved into office 31 years and five Administrations later. He is Rowland Roberts Hughes, 59, President Eisenhower's Director of the Budget. Dawes, dead these five years, would have been delighted to know that Hughes, who is about as far a cry from Hell 'n' Maria as a man can be, loves the job. Rowland Hughes came to Washington in 1953, a political innocent. A conscientious Christian Scientist since boyhood, he has never been known to raise his voice or slap a back—despite the swashbuckling appearance of an eyepatch that covers an eyelid injury.* By nature and by dint of 37 years' unbroken service with New York's National City Bank, he is that increasingly valuable U.S. type, the comptroller—or, as an honorary degree from his alma mater (Brown University) put it last June: "One of those rare individuals to whom figures speak in clear tones."

Even more remarkably, the job has evolved to the point where it is logical for Rowland Hughes. Before Dwight Eisenhower took office in 1953, he and his advisers worked out "The Great Equation"—the important relationship of maximum economic strength to military strength in fighting the cold war. Economic strength meant a drive to end inflation, and that meant an end to deficit financing. Cost-conscious, Ike was the first President to appoint his Budget Director to a permanent seat on the Cabinet and the National Security Council. Cabinet members not only make the trip to see Rowland Hughes in his office in the Old State Building, but most of them are so well-trained by the rigors of business life that they have a healthy respect for the job he is trying to get done.

On the Lid. In a household or a business, the essence of good budget-making is to reduce all assured debts and dreams to the common denominator of dollars so that the budget-makers can see how to get the most out of the money on hand or in prospect. Modern government is a collection of fragmented divisions and departments, each sure of its own manifest destiny and naturally inclined to ex-

I would take only for a year for the purpose of putting it in running order."

Dawes got the job on his terms, and under the Budget and Accounting Act of 1921 the U.S. got the first semblance of formal balancing of revenue and expenditures in its 132 years. With all his Hell 'n' Maria* fiscal evangelism, Charlie Dawes moved fast to establish the prestige of the Budget Bureau. At his urging, the President called a special Cabinet meeting. Said Dawes to the assemblage: "A Cabinet officer, as I see him, is on the bridge with the President, advising him on the direction in which the ship shall sail. He will not properly serve the captain of the ship or its passengers, the public, if he resents the call of the Director of the Budget from the stokehole, put there by the captain to see that coal is not wasted . . . The way coal is handled and con-

* Dawes, General Pershing's chief purchasing agent in World War I, earned his nickname when a 1921 congressional committee was investigating war expenditures. Asked Indiana's Representative Bland: "Is it not true that excessive prices were paid for mules?" Roared Dawes: "Hell 'n' Maria! I would have paid horse prices for sheep if the sheep could have pulled artillery to the front!"

Hughes wore no eyepatch until about five years ago (*see cut*), is reluctant to discuss it because of Christian Science attitudes toward injury and disease. He credits Christian Science with curing an illness that kept him bedridden in childhood, has said that he will not be wearing the patch forever.



HARRIS & EWING
BUDGET DIRECTOR DAWES
All hands to the stokehole.



pand without worrying whether total income balances total outgo. It is Rowland Hughes's job to provide the kind of lid for uninhibited government that limited funds impose on a housewife or a businessman—and to hold the lid down with the best of his 250 lbs.

But this kind of counterpressure, as every corporation executive knows, should be something more than just sweating out pennies and dollars. Ideally, by forcing department heads to translate plans into costs, the budget process teaches them how to get the best combination of plans for the least money. For example, the Air Force's General Curtis LeMay has made his Strategic Air Command cost-conscious right down to squadron level. A squadron commander who performs his missions and keeps his costs down is usually running a superior outfit because he has found ways to cut the number of accidents, keep crews healthy, and reduce the time lost in overhaul. A good budgeteer gets his final test when he looks back over his year's estimates to see what kind of planner he really turned out to be.

Unfortunately for budget-makers, the Federal Government was not constructed to make economic sense. Until 1931, individual executive departments went to Congress for funds. Time and again, petulant Congresses tried to hobble the President's powers by specifying right down to the last file clerk how the money should be spent. The Treasury Department doled out payments (most 19th century income came from customs duties) on congressional appropriation, and the accounting system was set up to assure that everyone was acting within the law—but not necessarily efficiently.

Because the U.S. was still dizzy from a \$24 billion debt piled up in World War I, Warren Harding was the first President to win the right to revise, reduce or increase budget estimates from the departments. (Under the 1921 act, the penalty for the agency head who bypasses the Budget Bureau is a \$50 fine and/or one year in jail.) The director was clearly intended to be the President's man, because Congress did not even require Senate confirmation of his appointment.

Voice of Prophecy. Ironically, the first President to violate the budget process was one who had been a strong advocate of it. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy (1913-21), Franklin Roosevelt campaigned in defense of the budget program. In the 1932 campaign he promised to balance the budget. He appointed Lewis Douglas, a conservative Arizona Democrat, as Budget Director.* But Roosevelt's sudden de-

cision to spend the U.S. out of the depression was too much for the budget and Lew Douglas (who stalked out of his job). Finally, Congress just handed Roosevelt some \$8 billion and told him to get it spent.

In 1940 old Charlie Dawes—with no inkling of what World War II's demands were about to do to his cherished budget—roared up out of private life to prophesy: "Some day a President, if he is to save the country from bankruptcy and its people from ruin, must make the old fight all over again, and this time the battle will be waged against desperate

Admirals" against the Air Force's B-36 program. Moreover, Truman made all of his major nonmilitary spending commitments, such as British loans, the Marshall Plan, the Bretton Woods agreement, without ever consulting the Budget Bureau at all.

Behind the Barricades. The first man Ike sent to Washington, before inauguration, was Detroit Bunker Joe Dodge, who was ticketed as the new Budget Director. Dodge looked over the shoulders of the Truman team as they polished up the \$78.5 billion budget that Eisenhower would have to live with in fiscal 1954



THE HUGHESSES & BUDGET
Both feet on the lid.

Walter Bennett

disadvantages. Against him will be arrayed the largest, strongest and most formidably entrenched army of interested Government spenders, wasters and patronage-dispensing politicians the world has ever known."

Shameful Brawls. Harry Truman tried hard to make the fight and he tried the only way he knew how. He was bedeviled by billions of new commitments—e.g., veterans' benefits, interest on the tremendous new debt—that he could do nothing about. So he slashed billions from the armed services on the valid theory that they had learned to live extravagantly in the lush days of World War II. A slash, his budget people told him, would teach the services to live efficiently; once they had learned austerity again, perhaps they could have some more money.

With hindsight it is easy to see the flaw in this reasoning. Truman needed first to work out a solid concept of what the armed forces were supposed to do in defense of the U.S., and then cut away the nonessentials. In the absence of this concept, the Budget Bureau was literally running military policy. This in turn provoked shameful inter-service brawling like the 1949 "Revolt of the

(July 1, 1953 to June 30, 1954). Before the year was over, Ike abandoned what he called "feast or famine" military policy in favor of the "long haul," with its accent on nuclear air power. Dodge, for his part, pruned \$10.8 billion from the Truman budget, worked out a \$65.5 billion budget for fiscal 1955, then went home to Detroit,* turning the job over to the man who had been his deputy for a year, Rowland Hughes.

Joe Dodge drove the "formidably entrenched army of Government spenders" as far back as he could, and rebuilt the budget barricades. Hughes operates somewhat more snugly behind them. Nonetheless, he is out of bed in his northwest Washington apartment, at 5:30 a.m. to read for an hour. At 7 o'clock his wife, Dorothy (they met at a Science church in 1918 in Shanghai, where her father, James Cowen, worked for *Millard's Weekly* and Hughes was working for the National City Bank branch), announces that she is ready with breakfast: orange juice, one egg, two strips of bacon,

* By unhappy coincidence, ex-Budget Director Douglas also wears an eyepatch. In 1949, while U.S. Ambassador to Britain, he was casting for salmon in West Hampshire, snagged a fishhook in his left eye. He adopted the patch to avoid double vision—incidentally inspiring the advertising campaign of the Man in the Hathaway Shirt.

* To return to Washington in December, 1954 as Ike's special assistant on foreign economic policy.

hot lemonade. (Hughes's other culinary tastes are mostly simple. He likes steaks, roast beef and pudding, but also has a flaring passion for curry—derived from a four-year tour of bank duty in Bombay.) He is usually in his office by 8:45, works until 6:30 p.m.

His job rates a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, but, to set a budgetary example, he turned it down. The Hugheses used to show up at the "must" parties in a hired limousine (\$20 a night), but abandoned that custom after the limousine broke down on the way to pick them up for a White House dinner for Queen Mother Elizabeth; they skinned in just as the band broke into *Hail to the Chief*. Now they drive everywhere in their Ford Victoria, and some legitimate government expense eats its way into their own stern personal budget. (Hughes took a 75% salary cut to come to Washington for the Budget Director's \$17,500.)

Behind the Figures. Hughes began work on the 1957 budget last May, when he sat down with the President, Treasury Secretary Humphrey, a group of economists and other brass to block out the broad policies that would shape the year. At that first meeting they aimed toward a balanced budget, assumed continued prosperity and no hot war. In June the Cabinet approved the basic assumptions. Then Hughes wrote policy letters to each agency head, giving him the broad guide lines, asking for a 5% cut, setting a tentative department budget ceiling, and requesting estimates by Sept. 30.

Many departments were already deep in their planning for fiscal 1957; thanks to the long haul, the Air Force, for example, had been programming fiscal 1957 since Oct. 7, 1954. Through the summer, all departments worked out their tentative figures, with assists from the bureau's corps of 150 specialists. ("They're very good," admits Navy Secretary Charles Thomas.) Most agencies met the Sept. 30 deadline, sending in their appropriation requests on the notorious "green sheets," and their justifications on white "language sheets." Soon afterward, the Budget offices buzzed with final hearings, as the bureau's examiners delved deep into controversial items. For example, in considering the money request from the St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corp., Budgetmen asked to see maps of dam locations, asked why one dam was not located at the narrows. Answer: rock formations made construction more costly at the narrows than elsewhere.

By mid-November most arguments were threshed out, and the bureau examiners went upstairs to defend their figures before the Director's Review, presided over by Hughes's deputy, Percival Brundage (ex-senior partner of the Price Waterhouse accounting firm). Some half-dozen times Hughes snapped the latest batch of approved budgets into a notebook, and took them to Gettysburg for presidential approval. When the President would give his O.K., Hughes would write the agency head what is called an

"allowance letter," stating the presidentially approved figure. Only six budgetary points went over his head to the President, and these included the controversial programs for foreign aid, agriculture relief and defense (which Ike always decides personally anyway).

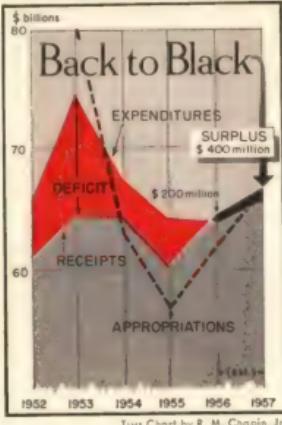
Caught by Cotter Pins. Washington has been something of a jolt for the man who has spent a lifetime in the symmetrical, sense-making world of banking. In auditing Defense Department expenses, for example, he learned that a few expensive, unnecessary items had to stay in the budget because they affected the home folks of Congressmen or Senators with critical votes to cast on the whole budget. He had to learn to jump at a growl from the members of the House Appropriations Committee. Only last week, while his head was swimming with the billions of the new

of getting the plant built without tapping the budget. The now celebrated Dixon-Yates contract (TIME, Aug. 2, 1954 et seq.) was the result.

Last February Alabama's Lister Hill charged in the Senate that Wenzell's firm, the First Boston Corp., stood to make a profit from handling Dixon-Yates financing. The Kefauver committee dredged up the fact that Wenzell had asked Rowland Hughes if his Budget Bureau work presented a conflict of interest. When Hughes was summoned, he replied vaguely that he had told Wenzell to check with First Boston and Joe Dodge. Non-politician Hughes was jolted to his teeth to discover that he was suddenly a major target in the all-out Democratic attack on the Dixon-Yates contract. Rattled by the committee's questions, he suffered lapses of memory on vital points, and left a bad impression. He was at his most lucid when he said: "We may have made mistakes, the Lord knows, but there was nothing phony or dishonest or any conspiracy with anybody as far as any dealings that we had . . . Now today, with all that I know now, I certainly would have done differently."

Calculated Confusion. The forces of politics, and the planned inefficiency of a system of checks and balances, will always partially sabotage any U.S. budget program. To these old problems, modern government has added a new and perhaps greater trouble for the top budget-makers: the experts in the bureaus know so much more about the technical details than any Budget Director or President or Congressman can ever hope to know that the discussion of specific appropriations is always loaded in favor of the bureaucrats. Honestly and inevitably, each bureaucrat, convinced of the importance of his own work, tends to maximize his estimates. The advocacy representing the Government's parts is more powerful than that which speaks for the whole. That is one reason why many Government functions continue to grow and others hold their own even in an administration whose top leaders believe that Government should shrink.

Joe Dodge and Rowland Hughes probably have come as close as is presently possible to fusing business efficiency with the myriad and disparate bureaus and functions of the U.S. Government. Again it was Charlie Dawes, the man with the first word on the budget, who also had the last word on the paradoxes that might arise when a department of orderliness tries to operate in a government of calculated confusion. "Much as we love the President," he adjured his fellow budgeteers, "if Congress, in its omnipotence over appropriations, passed a law that garbage should be put on the White House steps, it would be our regrettable duty, as a bureau, in an impartial, non-political and nonpartisan way, to advise the Executive and Congress on how the largest amount of garbage could be spread in the most inexpensive and economical manner."



Time Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

CRIME

The Big Payoff

Late one night last week, a slight, balding man with a hawklike nose, wearing a sharp gabardine suit and the air of an English butler, emerged from the jailer's office at the East Cambridge, Mass. jail and barked, "Gimme an aspirin, will you?" He was Joseph James ("Specs") O'Keefe, 47, and he had been talking almost continuously for three days. Outside, on the streets of Boston and all over the U.S., newspapers repeated Specs' story in huge headlines and minute detail; after six years, the \$2,775,395 Brink's Inc. robbery, the largest cash haul in U.S. history, was solved.

Eleven Hoods. O'Keefe's disclosures were just as fantastic as the known details of the robbery. The near-perfect crime had been committed by eleven Boston hoods, all of them veteran criminals. It had been painstakingly planned for 18 months, carefully rehearsed in several "dry runs" at the scene of the big crime. By the evening of the big heist, each member of the gang was letter-perfect in his role.

The scenario had been carefully prepared by the gang leader, fat Anthony Pino, 48, an alien from Sicily whose criminal record ranges from molesting a young girl to stealing a dozen golf balls, and whose oafish manner covers a keen intelligence. Before he was ready to stage the robbery, Pino carefully picked his cast and cased the North Terminal Garage (the Brink's headquarters) many times, figuring escape routes and systematically noting schedules and shipments of money. He learned exactly where the big money was stored, went over every foot of the establishment after closing hours. Under the noses of lax Brink's watchmen, he and his henchmen padded about the place in stocking feet, learning which way each door swung, locating the main vaults, honing their strategy. In their exacting research, the gang broke into a burglar-alarm company one night, and carefully studied the Brink's alarm system. Every lock barrel on every door along their route through the Brink's building was removed by the gang during their nightly visits, fitted with keys, and reinstalled in the doors before morning with such skill and skulduggery that nothing was suspected. An awed detective who listened to Specs O'Keefe's story said that the planning of the crime reminded him "of those people on *The \$64,000 Question* who know all there is to know about something."

After one final dry run on D-minus-one, the gang was ready. "During the early evening of Jan. 17, 1950," said the FBI's announcement, "members of the gang met in the Roxbury section of Boston and entered the rear of a Ford stake-body truck, which had been stolen in Boston in November 1949 to be used in the robbery. Including the driver, this truck carried nine members of the gang to the scene. During the trip, seven of the men donned

Navy-type peacoats and chauffeurs' caps, which were in the truck. Each also was given a pistol and a Halloween-type mask; each had gloves and wore either crepe-sole shoes or rubbers so their foot-steps would be muffled.

"As they approached the Brink's building, they looked for a signal from the lookout on the roof of a Prince Street building. He previously had arrived in a stolen Ford sedan. After receiving the go-ahead signal, seven members of the gang left the truck and walked through a playground to the Prince Street entrance of Brink's. Using the outside door key they previously had obtained, the men quickly entered and donned the masks." Big Tony Pino and his driver remained outside in the truck, with the motor idling.

Using their specially made keys, the



GANG LEADER PINO
Rehearsals in stocking feet.

seven robbers made their way through five doors to the second-floor vault, where five Brink's men were busy counting the day's cash. Confronted with seven short-nosed pistols, the Brink's men surrendered without a fight. After tying and gagging them, the gang methodically began to stuff \$1,218,211.29 in cash and \$1,557,183.83 in checks, money orders and securities into burlap sacks they carried with them. While they worked, a buzz went off. O'Keefe removed the adhesive-tape gag from Cashier Thomas B. Lloyd's mouth, asked him what it was. Lloyd said that it was another Brink's employee. The newcomer was admitted to the vault, bound and gagged with the others. As they were leaving with their bulging bags, the gang noticed a large, locked strongbox. They debated taking it along, decided against it. Later, in the newspapers, they learned that the strongbox contained another \$1,000,000 in cash, the General Electric payroll.

After 20 minutes in the building, the

robbers made their getaway, drove to the Roxbury home of Adolph ("Jazz") Mafie, 44, quickly discovered that they had too much money to count in one night. Joseph McGinnis, 52, the eleventh member of the gang, took the pea jackets, caps, false faces and about \$100,000 in new and traceable currency away to burn, and the others dispersed (McGinnis, the gang treasurer, had spent the evening in a restaurant, talking to a detective and establishing a foolproof alibi). Two months after the crime, police found the remains of the truck, carefully minced by an acetylene torch and buried in a dump near O'Keefe's home.

No Honor Among Thieves. The case was ultimately broken by hard, routine investigation by the FBI and Boston police, and by a certain lack of honor among thieves. In two divisions of the loot, O'Keefe said, he was gyped out of \$62,000. When he threatened reprisals, he was shot at twice in the streets of Dorchester. Then Bookie John H. Carlson, a close friend and confidant of O'Keefe's, suddenly vanished—apparently the victim of a "ride." Sixteen months ago Specs O'Keefe went back to jail in Springfield for gun-carrying and violation of parole. Brooding there last week, he decided to sing.

While O'Keefe told his story, the agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation rounded up Tony Pino and five other members of the gang (two, including O'Keefe, were already in jail, one was dead of natural causes, and the remaining two were still at large). O'Keefe's story was no surprise to the FBI and police. For five years they have been frustratingly familiar with many of the details of the crime, and all but one of the eleven gang members (Fugitive James Ignatius Flaherty, 44, a bartender, burglar and escape artist) have been primary suspects. In 1953 a federal grand jury refused to indict the ten for lack of legally admissible evidence. A year later Joseph F. Dineen, 57, a veteran Boston police reporter, wrote under the guise of "fiction" a magazine article and a book giving a highly accurate account of the crime and the criminals. Said one investigator last week: "We had all the pieces to the puzzle for a long time and knew pretty well how they went together, but we didn't have anything to make them stay together until O'Keefe talked."

After listening to Specs O'Keefe, a Suffolk County grand jury speedily indicted the entire gang on 148 counts. The indictments came just four days before the Massachusetts statute of limitations expired.* Still notably missing, though, was one important item of evidence. Not a penny of the missing millions has been recovered.

* Last year the Massachusetts legislature extended the statute of limitations on robbery from six to nine years, largely as a result of the Brink's case. But a great many lawyers doubted that the extension would have applied to the Brink's robbery, since it occurred before the extension.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

A Socialist to Reckon With

Out of the milling confusion of France's indecisive election, one man emerged as someone to be reckoned with. He is a soft-spoken, 50-year-old ex-professor of English named Guy Mollet. As boss of the Socialist Party, Mollet may be the first man President Coty asks to try to form a Cabinet.

Mollet linked his Socialists with Pierre Mendès-France's Radicals in a left-of-center Republican Front. On election day the Socialists won 94 Deputies to Mendès' 50, thus giving Mollet a claim to being the senior partner. Mollet's claim rested on the fact that the Socialists picked up 455,000 new votes to poll a solid 3,885,000—their first increase since 1945, though through the inequities of the electoral system, the party actually dropped eight seats. The governing center-right coalition had lost even more, could no longer put together a majority without the Socialists.

France's politicians of the center, flanked by the Communists on one side and the tax-defying Poujadists on the other, made the usual noises last week about submerging differences. But Mollet firmly rejected a "national union" of all the democratic center parties, as likely to bring only more immobilism. As "victor," he said, the Republican Front should form a government alone.

For or Against. France's political elders were shocked. "Getting a majority is like getting married; it takes more than one party," quipped the irrepressible Premier Faure. Mollet insisted: "We are persuaded that people can govern together only if they are in agreement on one program, however limited. We will say before the Assembly—this is our program. Those who will be for will vote for. Those who will be against will vote against." For France, the idea was almost revolutionary.

The only hope of a government with so narrow a base is that on matters of foreign policy it could pick up center-right votes and on domestic issues it could pick up Communist votes. This is known as the pendulum theory: getting support from the Communists without becoming beholden to them.

In its early history, the French Socialist Party alternately feuded and fused with its Communist rivals. The present party was born in 1920, when Léon Blum rebelled against accepting direction from the Kremlin. By 1936 the Socialists had 149 seats in the Assembly, and Blum's Popular Front government ruled France with Communist support. The two parted angrily over the Hitler-Stalin pact, made up when Hitler's invasion of Russia made resistance fighters of them all, stayed uneasy friends until Socialist Premier Paul Ramadier threw the Communists out of his government in 1947.



Fred Stein

SOCIALIST MOLLET
How to ride a pendulum.

Weaver's Son. Dry, meticulous Guy Mollet, a dedicated anti-Communist, was elected Deputy from Pas-de-Calais department at the first postwar election. His father was a weaver who died early, and his widowed mother worked as a concierge to give young Mollet enough schooling to qualify him as a professor of literature. An early and militant Socialist, the young professor was soon fired for political activity, became secretary of the CGT teachers' union. After serving gallantly in the Socialist underground, Mollet caught the eye of the aging Léon Blum, soon was secretary-general of the Socialist Party.



Herblock © 1956 The Washington Post Co.
"Couldn't you fellows get me to a hospital first?"

Doctrinaire, too intellectual to attract the working classes, the Socialist Party declined steadily from its 1945 peak. It became overloaded with civil servants, postmen, schoolteachers and "leather-chair" (French equivalent of white-collar) workers, and had little strength in the factories and fields. When the Socialists joined conservative governments, disillusioned supporters deserted to the Communists. In 1951 Mollet declared a policy of nonparticipation, and kept his Socialists out of government and in the posture of general opposition for four years.

No Deals. Under Mollet, however, there is small danger that the Socialists will renew their Popular Front with the Communists. As a man trained in Marxism, Mollet has no serious quarrel with many of their economic doctrines. He simply considers them "representatives of the Soviet Union." One of his favorite sayings is that the Communists "are not left but East." One of France's most ardent "Europeans" and a last-ditch supporter of EDC (he has never quite forgiven his new ally Mendès for letting EDC die), Mollet is also a dedicated friend of the Atlantic Alliance. "If there had been five U.S. soldiers in Europe in 1939, war would never have happened," he says.

As for the Communists, "we will treat them like any other party," said Mollet last week. "We won't attempt to have our Cabinet defeated, but we won't make deals." In other words, Mollet would take support where he could get it, and hope he could get away with it.

THE MIDDLE EAST Center of the Storm

Out of the Mediterranean sky dropped the transports, bringing 1,200 crack British paratroopers in battle readiness. They landed in Cyprus, not to reinforce that strife-torn island, but to be only a hop, skip and a jump away from Jordan, the Middle East's newest trouble spot.

Jordan is just a wide spot in the desert, with little claim to nationhood. But in one of those swift shifts of international politics, this vacuum in the sand has become the center of the storm, buffeted about by all the angry winds now loose in the Middle East. On one side press the claims of Iraq, its fellow Hashemite nation, and of Britain, its protector and sponsor, asking Jordan to side with the West. On the other side press Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia, out to frustrate the West, arousing passions by inflammatory broadcasts, buying agitators, and receiving a helping hand from Moscow, which looks on and cheers.

Block-Tent Kingdom. Winston Churchill, Britain's Colonial Secretary after World War I, created Jordan. He whacked an elbow-shaped hunk off the defunct Ottoman Empire and handed it to the Hashemite Emir Abdullah, "one Sunday

afternoon in Jerusalem," as he later said, for the Emir's fighting services to Britain in the desert campaigns against the Turks. Abdullah ruled his arid waste spaces as a Bedouin black-state, with three courtiers alternating as Premier at the royal pleasure, and a British proconsul in the Lawrence-of-Arabia tradition commanding the British-equipped Arab Legion. Lieut. General John Bagot Glubb Pasha—known affectionately by his Bedouin warriors as Abu Huneik (Father of the Little Jaw), in honor of a bullet wound incurred in World War I fighting—quoted the Arab classics, read the lesson Sundays at the Anglican chapel in Amman, and used Britain's \$24 million-a-year subsidy to make his 20,000 legionnaires the Middle East's finest fighting force.

The Arab-Israel war transformed this Biblical land of Edom and Moab, nearly tripling its population (now 1,500,000), adding to its territory a remnant of Arab Palestine west of the Jordan River, and swelling the capital of Amman from a scraggly town of 35,000 into a lusty, horn-tooting city of 200,000. A sophisticated and embittered lot, the West Bankers captured most of the country's commerce, filled half the 40 seats in Parliament, and poured out vituperation toward the West—at Israel, and at the U.S., which in their eyes gave their birthright to the Jews.

The West Bankers want no part of the Western-sponsored Baghdad pact. Only a few are Communists, but all are discontented. In caves and U.N. refugee camps squat 450,000 dispossessed Palestine refugees, idle and restless, spoiling for trouble. With the encouragement of Egyptian agitators and Saudi Arabian bribes, they have challenged the whole basis of Britain's position in its last stronghold on the strategic Middle East land bridge between Europe, Asia and Africa.

Voting with Stones. Jordan's smiling young Harrow-educated Hashemite King, the 20-year-old Hussein, needed help. Faced with overwhelming opposition to the King's attempt to join the anti-Communist Baghdad pact, the palace politicians tried to call off the spring balloting which the King had hastily promised in the midst of last month's rioting.

Demonstrations, too coordinated to be spontaneous, began outside Jerusalem's mosques, spread all over the country. In the city sacred to three religions, mobs pushed through the Damascus Gate, singing and shouting slogans against the Baghdad pact and for immediate elections. Once again Palestinian refugees were in the mob's forefront. Gangs attacked the U.S. consulate, and for the second time in a month tore down the Stars and Stripes and trampled it in the street. Marine guards and Vice Consul Slator Blackiston drove the hooligans away with tear gas and pistols.

In Amman a crowd of 1,000 stoned and burned the U.S. Point Four office. Twice they stormed the Philadelphia Hotel, where several U.S. families had taken refuge, but they were driven back from the lobby. They also fired a British bank



Tim Map by V. Puglisi

and—apparently because it had been built with U.S. Point Four funds—the government's new Department of Health Building. At Ajlun, 30 miles to the north, the hero was Baptist Missionary Lloyd Lovegren of Birmingham, Ala., who talked a mob that had already burned two mission buildings out of putting his hospital to the torch. The doctor's father, Dr. Levi Lovegren, who was released last fall from four years imprisonment in Communist China, was one of the inmates whose life he saved.

By week's end the Legion regained control. They rounded up groups of rioters who had built roadblocks and had scattered rocks on the highways, and made them clear the roads. "We not only make



Glubb Pasha
Rocks work wonders.

them pick up rocks," said a British brigadier, "but make them carry the rocks half a mile. It works wonders." Heavy government censorship was lifted, and King Hussein thanked the Legion in a broadcast for restoring order, adding: "During the crisis we have identified faces and intentions which do not have the good of the country at heart." First reports said 18 had been killed, 100 wounded. One of those killed was Lieut. Colonel Patrick Lloyd, one of the Arab Legion's 60 British officers.

Deteriorating Strength. Though experience with such street parliamentarians as Mossadegh had taught the world that mob strength in the Middle East can be exaggerated, the latest events in Jordan were treated more gravely in the West than the December risings. The British shelved their strategy of pushing for Arab allegiance to the Baghdad pact. London rushed its paratroopers to Cyprus partly out of the suspicion that the West Bank dissidents had penetrated the Arab Legion to a point where this strong force, once the key to Jordan's stability, might cease to be a reliable instrument of British policy.

Rushed out of Egypt, set back in Jordan, endangered in Cyprus, the British saw their position in the Middle East deteriorating fast.

UNITED NATIONS

Verdict Against Israel

"Shocking," "heinous," and "outrageous" were some of the terms in which members of the U.N. Security Council last week roundly condemned Israel's December raid on Syrian frontier outposts near the Sea of Galilee, in which 56 Syrians and six Israelis were killed. It was Israel's fourth such "reprisal" attack in two years, and, in the words of the U.S.'s Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., "a deed so out of proportion with the provocation that it cannot be accurately described as a retaliatory raid."

The issue within the council was whether Israel should be punished as well as censured. The Syrians had asked that the U.N. expel their neighbor and apply economic sanctions. The Russians, eager these days to woo the Arabs, demanded that the Israelis pay indemnities to Syria. The Western Big Three resolution condemned Israel for its "deliberate violation" of the U.N. armistice, and warned of punitive measures if it happened again. Whatever form the censure finally takes, Israel's action had already been unanimously condemned by all eleven Security Council members.

WEST GERMANY

Devil's Payoff

In Moscow last September West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer made a bargain. Longtime traffickers in human souls, the Communists offered to ship some 10,000 prisoners of war home to Germany, if Adenauer would accept one Russian. Like Faust's bargain with the devil, the deal was calculated to make

Germany only momentarily happy. Last week, as perhaps the last installment of prisoners came back from Soviet slave camps, Adenauer got his Russian: 53-year-old Valerian Aleksandrovich Zorin, first Soviet Ambassador to West Germany.

Soft-spoken, grey-haired Zorin has the diplomatic manner, often makes cracks about uncultured and unimportant comrades, deftly turns difficult conversation into innocuous channels when it suits him. Said a German diplomat who met him last week: "If you didn't know differently, you would think he was from Denmark or Sweden, or perhaps Canada. His face is animated and kind." In short, Zorin is one of the few Russian diplomats who is readily distinguishable from his bodyguard. But behind the kind, animated exterior of Valerian Zorin lies one of the deadliest minds in diplomacy.

He was born near Rostov in the Don Cossack country and he came up the

horn-rimmed spectacles, and gold flashed in his smile. Said a newsman: "He could pass for a middle-aged banker at an executives' convention." Plain Mrs. Zorin wore mink. Despite such appearances, Zorin's attacks on the U.S. were ruthless and uncompromising.

In Bonn last week, Zorin moved into the Villa Henzen, sometime home of a 19th century Cologne millionaire, on the west bank of the Rhine opposite Chancellor Adenauer's home. But a mile upstream he had carpenters working feverishly, repairing an old hotel for his staff of 45 Russians, who are also part of the devil's bargain.

The Roccas Are Here

The fear and resentment which defeated peoples feel toward armies of occupation was softened in southwest Germany by the exemplary behavior of the First French Army. In the sleepy little towns of



Keystone

Russia's Zorin (left) & West Germany's President Heuss (with interpreter)
Behind the smile, memories of Prague.

hard way, through the Young Communist League to Moscow's Marx-Engels Institute and a Communist teaching job. In 1941 he was assigned to the Soviet Foreign Office, and two years later he was head of the division dealing with central Europe. His biggest coup took place in 1948, when he masterminded the Communist seizure of Czechoslovakia. While maintaining a smiling relationship with President Benes, Zorin gathered together a team of Moscow-trained Communists and helped to organize the "action committees" that bored into every section of Czech life. After the coup he returned to Moscow, but was back in Prague three years later to supervise the liquidation of Rudolf Slansky and a score of other top Czech Communists on Stalin's suspect list.

In 1952, when Zorin went to New York as chief Soviet delegate to the U.N., he wore plain grey business suits and

the Black Forest, French soldiers participated in local affairs and shone at local balls, and the French commanders were among the most respected of inhabitants. "We prefer them to German soldiers," said a townsmen.

But the crisis in North Africa not only led France to pull out of Germany the troops pledged to NATO, but compelled it to send Frenchmen to put out the fire. Recently France pulled out some of her crack First Army regiments, replacing them with the first of some 2,000 Moroccan troops.

The sight of dark Moslem soldiers in their quiet streets last week bitterly reminded Germans of the Moroccans who took part in the 1919-30 occupation of the Rhineland (which Hitler called a plot against the purity of Germany), and of those who raped the Black Forest villages during World War II, finding their food

and fun where they could. Some German women believe, whether or not it is true, that in those days one Moroccan raped a fräulein, then killed her by biting through her jugular vein. The French deny that Moroccans committed more rape than any other troops, but they are sole possessors of the statistics, and do not release them.

Protested much-respected French Colonel Pierre Charton: "The Moroccan soldier is exceptionally well disciplined . . . But you must always keep a certain distance." The French offered to import enough Moroccan camp followers to keep the Moroccans happy on the base, but this Gallic solution did not satisfy the Germans. County Administrative Officer Robert Lienhart led the outcry: "What kind of sovereignty is this when we have nothing to say, indeed are not even consulted, about foreign troops stationed in our midst?" West German newspapers headlined the story, demanded the withdrawal of the "Roccas." The German Foreign Office complained to the French government, which shrugged that it had no other troops to spare.

GREAT BRITAIN

Cost of High Living

Britain in 1955 ran up a trading deficit of \$2,419,200,000, the Board of Trade glumly reported last week. Though exports from Britain's booming industries rose by more than 8%, imports soared by 15%. Britain's dollar-and-gold reserves were drained by nearly one quarter to just over \$2 billion. One result: West Germany, for the first time in its short history, edged ahead of the sterling bloc as the biggest foreign holder of dollar-and-gold reserves.

RUSSIA

Six Times Five

"Communism," said Lenin, "is Soviet Authority plus electrification." Since then, five Five-Year Plans have come and gone. Soviet Authority is still supreme, but the electrification of Russia hardly extends beyond the big cities. Last week Lenin's successors announced a sixth Five-Year Plan, the main feature of which was a bracket of atomic power stations with a total capacity of some 2.5 million kilowatts.

Actually each successive Five-Year Plan (*piatiletka*) is a set of production targets which the state planners then exhort the Russian people to attain by superhuman effort. The sixth *piatiletka* (1956-60) is more than usually superhuman: in the next five years heavy industry must be up 70%, pig iron up 70%, steel up 51%, coal up 49%, oil up 100%, building up 55%, consumer goods up 60%; in agricultural grain production must increase 80%, while labor efficiency on state farms must rise 70%, on collectives 100%. Incentives are a calculated feature of *piatiletka*: 55 million workers will be in regular employment, the planners say, with wages up 30%; there will be 50% more technicians

and specialists and more than twice as many hospital beds. Airports are to be reconstructed, air freight is to be doubled, and new fast passenger planes are to ply feeder routes. But, faithful to the Leninist dream (in Russia, electric light bulbs are ironically called *Ilyich* after Lenin's patronymic), the big story was electric power: an overall increase from 160 to 320 billion kilowatts. No mention was made of the larger atomic-energy target for 1960, but an atomic-powered transarctic liner with special hydraulic ice-melting monitors was promised.

The sixth Five-Year Plan will be the subject of endless *stakhanovite* speechmaking in coming months, but Russian workers may well recall an exhortation made by Stalin of an earlier *pialetka*: "We are 50 to 100 years behind the advanced countries. We have to run this distance in ten years. Either we do this or we disintegrate." That was a quarter of a century ago. Even in the unlikely event of the targets being attained, the gross national product of the U.S.S.R. in 1960, experts calculate, will be only two-thirds that of the U.S. at the present moment.

YUGOSLAVIA

The Profits of Coexistence

Slowly but surely the gaping ideological wounds left by Communist Yugoslavia's sharp break with Communist Russia in 1948 were being healed over with the scars of mutually profitable coexistence. Last week, in the wake of a pact signed in September, Russia agreed to provide Comrade Tito with enough money (at 2%), trained men and materials to rebuild three old mines, build three new fertilizer factories and construct a 100,000-kw. power plant during the next four years.

TURKEY

Democratic Heresy

Until last week the political heirs of Turkey's late great Kemal Ataturk—Republicans and Democrats alike—have maintained a tacit agreement to stick by their leader's founding dictum: in modern Turkey "state and religion must be separate." Then dapper driving Premier Adnan Menderes, trying to whip up popular support to offset rising big-city discontent with his extravagant inflationary policies (TIME, Oct. 24), took off on a speech-making swing through his Anatolian farm-country strongholds. At Konya, in the wheat-growing heart of what Istanbul calls the Koran belt, he blurted out the most direct pitch yet for the prayer-rug vote by a leader of modern Turkey: "If there are no courses on religion in our schools," he said, "citizens who want their children to learn religion are deprived . . . It would be suitable to have courses on religion in our secondary schools."

To "emancipated" Turks, who honor Ataturk for liberating them from the hold of the mullahs, this was democratic heresy. Turkey's press forgot all about the penalties of Menderes' restrictive press law.



International

Premier Menderes

In the Koran belt, the prayer-rug vote. Said *Vatan*'s Editor Ahmet Emin Yalman, Menderes' powerful press backer in two elections: "Laicism is one of the principal cornerstones of modern Turkey. To make concessions on this subject for political reasons is an action not befitting a head of government." Istanbul's *Cumhuriyet*, another past supporter of Menderes, denounced any plan to "touch the foundation pillar of the Ataturk era." The opposition Republicans and the new Freedom Party blasted Menderes' pronouncement as "unconstitutional" and conceived in failure. Though only last month the government had shut up two newspapers for saying less, Menderes made no reply to last week's attack. In the villages of Anatolia, the mullahs went on with their teaching in many elementary schools.

SPAIN

Neanderthal Night

Franco's Spain, like Cromwell's England, maintains a stern attitude toward the propertied. Respectable ladies of Madrid see that their evening gowns are cut high in back as well as in front, men wear two-piece bathing suits on the beaches, and unmarried girls are never permitted out after dark without a chaperone. Spaniards have long viewed with horrid fascination and some alarm the thriving colony of fun-loving American expatriates at sunbaked Costa del Sol, southwest of Málaga.

One stormy night last November, two stern and intractable members of Franco's *Guardia Civil*, on routine patrol on the beach in search of smugglers, peered into the windows of an American's seaside cottage to see what was to them an appalling sight: ladies in fig leaves and leopard-skin bras dancing with gentlemen in fur loincloths. Wanamaker Heir Gurnee Munn Jr. had invited the American colony to a cave-man party. Many of the 100-odd

guests he had invited to come in fancy undress had decided to stay home because of the bad weather. Those that came, despite their Neanderthal getup, behaved as circumspectly and with the same dogged gaiety as any like group in Sacramento or Scarsdale. But to the zealous guardsmen the party was saturnalia run amuck, and so they reported to their commanding officer, who alerted the military at Málaga. But the military could find no law against private gatherings of cave men and their women, and unaware of the commotion they had caused, the party guests went home.

But when a local photographer began to display some of the pictures he took that night, the military governor at Málaga seized the pictures and sent them to the civil governor, who in turn sent them on to Madrid. There, it was rumored, they were shown to Franco himself. As a result, Munn was fined \$250 for arranging a meeting "of manifestly immoral nature." Each of his 40-odd guests was fined \$75 for attending. Last week, after protesting in vain to the U.S. embassy, Cave Man Munn and a dozen of his playmates hired Spanish lawyers to file an appeal.

"Daily Scandal"

Bishop Angel Herrera of Málaga is one of the few men unafraid to speak out in Franco's Spain. Last week in a pastoral letter published in Madrid's Catholic daily *Ya*, the bishop said: "There is in the conscience of Spain a great lack . . . We have created a type of Christianity poor in social virtues. The lack of justice and, to a great extent, of mercy, maintains a system of sharing the national wealth which gives to a minority the great bulk of our income and keeps the multitude in poverty."

"Our upper classes . . . do not realize the daily scandal which they present to the nation. They do not have the remotest idea of the atmosphere which their insensitive conduct foments in factories, in the fields, in the university and in professional circles." The bishop may have had in mind the secret government poll taken recently at the University of Madrid, which showed 60% of the students against the regime (TIME, Jan. 16).

MOROCCO

The Disenchanted

When the French deposed Morocco's Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef in 1953, the rulers of adjoining Spanish Morocco could not control their gloating satisfaction. Posing as champions of the Arab world, they declared the deposition "illegal," welcomed Moroccan nationalists from the French zone, closed their eyes to guerrilla raids on the French zone from hideouts in the Rif Mountains. Theoretically, both Moroccans are one country under the Sultan, and Spain has always resented that she holds her zone only as a sort of sublet from the French. If it were not for those nasty French, the Spanish implied broadly, they would give the Mo-

roccans all their hearts desired. While Frenchmen lived in terror of nationalist bombs across the border, Spaniards basked in the sunshine of nationalist favor.

France's sudden restoration of Ben Yousef caught the Spanish with their promises down. When the French pledged Morocco "independence within interdependence," Spanish spokesmen back-tracked hastily, began to talk of the necessity of "going slow." Dictator Franco blurted that democracy in Morocco would be "disastrous," because "we [do] not wish for the Moroccans something which is repugnant to us."

Last week the zone's disenchanted nationalists gave Spanish Morocco its first taste of terrorism in years: a bomb burst in a Tetuan café, another was hurled at a bus. Demonstrators shouting for "independence and unity" stormed through Arcilla.

Suddenly, Spain began to talk more kindly of cooperation with France. With a faintly patronizing air, French Resident General André Louis Dubois drove over to the Spanish zone for a "courtesy" call on his Spanish counterpart, Lieut. General Rafael García Valiño. Dubois' main concern was to get Spanish cooperation in halting the Rif raids across the border. García Valiño seized the opportunity to announce Spain would introduce political reforms to institute "parallel evolution" in its zone. At week's end, Franco conferred long and late with his Cabinet, authorized a guarded statement promising that Spain would "follow attentively" events in the French zone "with the object of attaining the desires of the Moroccan people without harming the legitimate interests of the Spanish nation."

It posed quite a problem for Fascist Franco. As one Spanish observer said: "What are we going to do? Let them have a parliamentary democracy when we have none here? Permit them to have a free press when our own papers are censored? Give the workers economic rights when they are denied in Spain? No, we can't do it."

The Women

Women by the hundreds steamed into Rabat to pay their respects to Morocco's newly re-enthroned Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Yousef. Some were old, some young; some fat, some thin, some rich and some poor, but all had one thing in common: their faces were unveiled.

A generation ago, such exposure would have been tantamount to public nudity. The wearing of the veil—derived not from Koranic law but, like most feminine fashion, from an instinct for artful concealment—has largely disappeared from many modernized corners of Islam, but in Morocco it has hung on to become a symbol of woman's enslavement. Inside the palace, however, sits Morocco's foremost champion of unveiling: the Sultan's own daughter, Princess Lalla (Lady) Aisha.

Slim, svelte and curvaceous at 25, she has never worn a veil in her life. Reared in the European manner by a series of

French governesses, she brushes her full lips with pink, wears blue jeans, listens to Frankie Laine records, and goes partying like other girls. It is not the fact that Moroccan women wear veils that bothers Princess Aisha: "The main thing is that they have the right to take them off if they want to."

The Missionary. Actually, the Sultan has only himself to thank for Aisha's militant feminist career. When Aisha was 16 years old, veiled and innocent of all social problems, she was put on a platform to deliver a speech written by her father demanding more rights for women. "I didn't know what it was all about," she recalls, "but after I delivered the speech, I began to understand what had to be done."

In time, Aisha's agitating and her father's condonement of it provided fine ammunition for the Sultan's enemies. Conning old El Glaoui, scheming with the



Paris Match

LALLA AISHA
She took a barefaced stand.

French to oust the Sultan, made a practice of indignantly exhibiting a filthy postcard picture of the Sultan's daughter clad in a bathing suit. Aisha herself made so many speeches on female emancipation that the French Resident General ordered her to stop. When at last in 1953 El Glaoui had his way and the French packed Ben Yousef into exile with two wives and a few favorite concubines, the aroused women of Morocco were the first to unite in demand for his return. Many were killed in street fighting. Others did their strike duty at home, refusing to have children during the Sultan's absence.

The Weak. When Ben Yousef was re-established last November on his throne as Mohammed V, the women of Morocco were sufficiently organized to demand their rewards: the right to vote, the right to join unions, the right to better schooling for their children. Some even went so

far as to demand a fairer deal in marital matters. As one explained, "Although we cannot be against polygamy, for Allah decreed it, at least the Koran decrees that a man can take [four] wives only if he treats them equally." But the Sultan's daughter, who lives in a palace which not only contains the Sultan's two wives but his more than 20 concubines, is willing to admit that full emancipation will not be achieved overnight. "The older generation," she says, "is not going to do anything. It's the children who must revolutionize Morocco."

AUSTRALIA Half-Million-Dollar Prize

*Roll out the barrel
We'll have a barrel of fun . . .*

In Australia almost every day, and sometimes three or four times a day, lottery barrels revolve with the roar of express trains. Flagged to a halt, the barrel is opened, and a distinguished guest with a chromium-plated "extractor" begins withdrawing white-numbered marbles that bring small fortunes to the holders of correspondingly numbered tickets. Even the bored lottery clerks buy tickets, as recently happened in Western Australia when Clerk Neil Watts, writing down the numbers as they were drawn, shouted, "Hey, that's me!" discovered that he had won a \$6,750 jackpot.

Australia's lottery-barrel polka began 75 years ago when Tattersall's Racing Club began holding sweepstakes on horse races (the Irish Sweepstakes, say Australians, are a pale copy of "Tatts"), became a national pastime during World Wars, when state governments set up lotteries as a means of raising additional revenue (approximately 40% of the take). This year, riding out a prosperity boom, Australians are expected to buy close to a hundred million lottery tickets (variously priced from 30¢ to \$25 each) for an expenditure equal to about \$10 for each man, woman and child in the country.

Green Light. Competition for gamblers' choice is intense between the five (out of six) state governments in the lottery business. Last week Tasmania, smallest state in the Commonwealth, in an effort to outbid rivals, paid out the top lottery prize to date: a whopping \$562,500 (tax free, as are all lottery prizes in Australia).

"You gotta be in it to win," the touts cry. Australians get in it by buying tickets from state lottery offices or, in Queensland, from thousands of small agents, barbers, news dealers, tobacconists, and drugstore clerks, whose "Don't Pass Your Luck" signs offer curbside service. In Sydney some superstitious ticket buyers write their names upside down on the application forms. Others enter the lottery office only by exits and leave through entrances. Scores wait under the lottery-office clock until the hour strikes before buying a ticket. One regular buyer steadfastly refuses to enter the lottery office



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until the nearby traffic lights turn green. Australian clergymen who deplore gambling as a "national malady" wage a losing war against the state lotteries; the Roman Catholic Church runs its own lotteries.

The Winning Marble. In Sydney a businessman who gave away \$92 worth of lottery tickets as Christmas gifts discovered that one of the tickets had won \$27,000. Another \$13,500 prizewinner, arrested for drunkenness after celebrating his win, promptly bailed out all his fellow tospotters in the city jail, explaining: "They're a very nice crowd." Such incidents are routine for lottery-covering newsmen, but last week all Australia waited breathless while the big Tasmanian barrel roared to a stop and English Cricket Star Alec Bedser reached for the marble that would pay someone more than half a million dollars. In the Sydney slum suburb of Redfern, Mary Milner fell on her knees as she heard the number read out over the radio: it was that of a ticket shared by her husband, a \$42-a-week glassworks inspector, the local baker, a manufacturer, a bootmaker, a bookkeeper and a news agent. Said Joe Milner: "It comes sudden." Said the baker: "Now I'll put some real dough in my bread."

INDIA

Infidel Dog

To the simple, rugged men of mountainous Nepal, the word "muhammad" means great and strong. It seems a fine name to give a faithful dog. To the touchy Moslem minority in the state of Uttar Pradesh near New Delhi, however, the same syllables, no matter what their spelling, mean only one thing: Mohammed, the Prophet. One day last month a Nepalese traveler named Maganal Shah came to Lucknow in Uttar Pradesh and lost his dog, a dog so beloved that he led it with a silver chain. Maganal advertised in the Lucknow *Pioneer*: "Lost, from the Hindustan Hotel, one fox breed dog, brown color, long hair, answers to name Muhammed."

The ad succeeded in restoring the lost Muhammed to his owner, but that was not all. It aroused the ire of some 100,000 affronted Moslems who claimed their Prophet had been insulted. Some 5,000 of them jammed the streets in front of the *Pioneer's* offices shouting "Shame!" Students boycotted school, and businessmen shut their shops. A protest meeting was held in the city's biggest mosque. In the state assembly, a Hindu Communist took advantage of the situation to decry the government's "indifference to the resentment of the Moslem minority." The *Pioneer* published an abject apology for having run the ad, and Dog Lover Shah was arrested for offending the public.

Last week, as the battle continued to rage, Muhammed and his baffled master, out on bail, fled back to the mountain fastnesses of Nepal. After all, as Maganal said, "A man can change his name but a dog cannot. No dog will answer to a different name."

KENYA

Votes for Black Men

In a dense papyrus swamp 50 miles from Nairobi last week, the Mau Mau were making what the British hoped was their last stand. Sixty terrorists were trapped, including several members of the hierarchy which has directed the four-year war against their fellow Kikuyu tribesmen and their white employers. With an estimated 3,000 Mau Mau at large in scattered groups, the British felt that "the emergency" was almost ended.

Since 1952, some 14,000 Mau Mau have been killed, captured, or have surrendered. Another 62,000 suspects, held in prisons and concentration camps, are being cleared and rehabilitated at the rate of 1,000 a month. Nearly a million



Associated Press
CAPTURED MAU MAU LEADER
When do you stop?

Kikuyu are no longer living in huts scattered through the reserves, and thus vulnerable to Mau Mau threats, but have been brought together into 850 villages, all policed and protected at night. On the fairway of No. 3 hole at Nyeri Golf Club, the square black tent which housed the gallows from which scores of Mau Mau were hanged has been taken away, and at Thomson's Falls, scene of several massacres, a horticultural show was recently held. Life, it seemed, was back to normal.

The Multiple Vote. But the shadow of the Mau Mau *pango* has left Kenya in a thoughtful mood. The idea that Africans should take part in the government of the country, laughed at three years ago, is now being seriously discussed. Negroes, constituting 97% of Kenya's 5,000,000 population, are represented on the existing 56-member Legislative Council by six Africans appointed by the colonial governor. Under new recommendations made by the British Colonial Office and the Kenya government, these six members

would henceforth be elected by direct secret ballot.

The enfranchisement of hundreds of thousands of illiterate tribesmen has its problems. Kenya's Minister for Education, Labor and Lands, Walter Fleming Coutts, appointed to study possible electoral systems, last week proposed multiple voting (an idea that Coutts had read about in Novelist Nevil Shute's satirical *In the Wet*), by which each voter will have voting points varying according to his educational advancement and status: if he can read, has finished high school, has served five years in the armed services, and been decorated, he can earn up to six votes. Coutts' proposals came under attack in England as discriminatory democracy, but they also won praise as an attempt to bridge the obvious difficulties and dangers in giving the vote to unschooled tribesmen. Their most important feature was conferring the secret ballot on individuals rather than relying on headmen to vote for all their people.

Numbered Days. The big question in the minds of Kenya's white settlers is: In multiracial government, when do you stop? Certainly not at a mere six African members in the legislature, say many white men, who feel that they have perhaps five years' grace in which to guide Kenya's future along peaceful channels. Moderate blacks, peacefully agitating, may be a stickier problem than the Mau Mau. No longer able to jail Africans for "sedition" talk about political rights, the white settler gulps hard and smiles wanly. He knows his days are numbered.

BURMA

Polite Restitution

"As warm and hearty as the welcome of a friendly family toward a beloved brother," was the way tubby Nikita Khrushchev described the welcome accorded to him and his fellow-traveler Nikolai Bulganin on their recent visit to Burma. It was an impulsive way to describe the politeness with which the Burmese had borne the visit of the bad-mannered pair, who had used their hosts' most sacred shrines as soapboxes from which to hurl insults at Britain. But the Burmese were quick to make equally polite restitution.

The Russians were scarcely gone from Burmese soil when an invitation went flying from Rangoon to London urging Britain's last Governor General in Burma, Sir Hubert Rance, to come and spend a happy two-week vacation with his former subjects. When he got to Burma, Sir Hubert was awarded the title Agga Maha Thray Sithu, meaning Very High Big Honorable Officer of the King. Similarly honored was another servant of Empire: Britain's one-time Laborite Colonial Undersecretary, Lord Ogle, and just to show who was who's beloved brother, the Burmese gave the Duke of Edinburgh's uncle, Earl Mountbatten, last Viceroy of India, the highest title of all: Agga Maha Thin Thu Dhamma, or Very High Big Honorable Follower of the Righteous Path.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Coffee, Black

Circulating in Latin American capitals last week was a gloomy report labeled "For Governments Only." Subject: coffee. Gist of the document, drafted by an Inter-American Economic and Social Council committee: a growing surplus threatens to bring a disastrous slump in world coffee prices unless the governments concerned take drastic action.

Coffeemen already knew that a menacing surplus was piling up (*TIME*, June 20). What surprised them was the fact that the U.S. State Department's representative on the committee joined the Latin experts in signing a report calling for export quotas and stockpiling to keep coffee prices from sinking through the floor. Main reason for the softening of the State Department's longtime opposition to international coffee-price props is that coffee is, after all, Latin America's No. 1 export. It accounts for 97% of El Salvador's exports to the U.S., 90% of Colombia's, more than 80% of Brazil's and Guatemala's, lesser but still important percentages for half a dozen other countries. A steep price fall might bring on dangerous economic and political crises, with tempting opportunities for local strongmen or Communist mischief-makers.

Faced with that prospect, U.S. officials dealing with Latin American affairs may try to sell the Cabinet and Congress on some kind of price-support program. If so, they will have to be supersalesmen. Congress is well aware that among U.S. consumers the memory of the 1953-54 coffee-price gouge still rankles.

ECUADOR

Mission to the Auca

Edward McCullly, the strapping son of a Milwaukee bakery executive, was a normal, wholesome, small-college boy who played end on the football team, was elected class president, won the oratory contest and planned to study law. Then, in an abrupt, private decision, Ed decided to become a foreign missionary. After a year's study and training, the Good News Chapel of the Wauwatosa, Wis., Plymouth Brethren Fundamentalist Church sent him to Ecuador.

As a result of his decision, one day last week Ed McCullly, 28, was standing—with four other young Americans of similar background, age and motivation—on a sweltering riverbank at the Amazon's headwaters. Across the water they could see the green-bell jungle, where lurked the raw material of their mission: 2,000 members of the savage Aucca Indian tribe. "**Worst People on Earth.**" The Auccas have been described by one scientist as "the worst people on earth." Relatively well-built and light-skinned, they wear little except bright body paint, with a pair of feathers stuck at a Dali-esque angle in holes pierced in each nostril. A pure Stone Age people, they hate all strangers, live only to hunt, fight and kill. Their most notable products are needle-sharp, 9-ft. hardwood spears for use against human foes. Their neighbors, the Jivaro Indians, Ecuador's famed, ferocious head-hunters, are said to pale with fear at the very mention of the primitive Auccas. All this the missionaries knew, as they flew in with their families to a jungle camp

near Aucca territory last September, but they hoped nevertheless to win over the savages with a long, cautious campaign of airborne friendliness.

Day after day in December, the missionaries flew over Aucca country in a Piper Family Cruiser, shouting down greetings in Aucca over a loudspeaker and dropping gifts of machetes, bright beads and clothing in a canvas bucket with a line so long that the light plane could wait, circling, while the Indians emptied the pail. One afternoon, catching on, the Auccas responded by sending up some presents of their own: feathers, birds and food. Thus encouraged, the Americans a fortnight ago landed hopefully on a length of the sandy beach of the River Curaray.

"**Friendlier All the Time.**" "This was a great day for the advance of the Gospel of Christ in Ecuador." Missionary Peter Fleming wrote joyfully that night in his diary. "Ed was at one end of the beach, Jim Elliot at the other, and Roger Youderian, Nat Saint and I were in the center. From time to time we shouted words of Aucca. Suddenly, we heard a loud masculine voice from the other side of the river, and three Auccas appeared. Two women and one man waved to us from the opposite riverbank . . . and thus occurred the contact for which we had prayed to God." The three Auccas went over to the camp, and the man even took a short plane ride. Wrote Saint: "We have a friendlier feeling for these fellows all the time."

Last week they went back to the same strand to develop the contact. Saint reported their progress by radio to the missionaries' wives at their base camp, Shell Mera. "Ah," he said with satisfaction, "here come some Auccas we haven't seen before. I'll call you back at 4 o'clock." But 4 o'clock brought silence.

Search planes spotted the body of one missionary not far from the wrecked and looted plane. During the next few days, as a ground crew worked its way to the scene, the searchers located the bodies of the other four. The land party reached the riverbank at week's end, found that four had died of spear wounds—and one of machete slashes. Around the shaft of one spear were wrapped a few pages torn from a Bible. The dead were identified, then buried where they lay. Ecuador's government sent sympathy and regrets to the U.S. ambassador, but regarded any attempt to find the Aucca murderers as impractical. Back in Milwaukee, McCullly's father humbly accepted his son's death. "God makes no mistakes," he said.

VENEZUELA

New Deal in Oil

President Marcos Pérez Jiménez last week made the announcement that everyone interested in the Venezuelan oil industry had awaited for ten years. The government, said he, has decided "to open



MISSIONARY MCCULLY & FAMILY
Four o'clock brought silence.

Associated Press



Many new and expanding industries have found in this rich region of East Texas the answer to their needs for proximity to natural resources . . . timber, gas, oil, salt, sulphur and other minerals. Here, as in all of the rapidly growing Gulf South, industry will find a plentiful supply of labor, vast stores of raw materials, excellent transportation, a cooperative government, year around working climate and adequate supplies of natural gas and electric power. No other region offers so much of everything industry needs to grow and prosper as the Gulf South. Investigate the advantages of locating your new plant here. Address inquiries to United Gas, Shreveport, Louisiana.

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TIME, JANUARY 23, 1956



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the doors to offer" for new concessions to oil lands, the first since 1945. As to the terms, said Pérez Jiménez, whoever offers the most in royalties and "advantages" to Venezuela will get the concessions. That meant, in plain words, that Venezuela wants to break through the familiar 50-50 formula—the worldwide pattern set in Venezuela a decade ago, of splitting profits equally between the oil companies and the government. Instead Venezuela clearly hopes to veer, in future concessions, toward 60-40 or more in favor of the government.

Actually the companies are already paying more than 50-50, the government pointed out; with tax adjustments, the present operators have lately been paying 56-44. As to the additional "advantages" Venezuela will expect, Pérez Jiménez wants concessionaires to 1) refine new-found crude in Venezuela, 2) build "open cities" instead of company-town oil camps, and 3) conserve natural gas.

The government will give frank preference to European companies over the dug-in U.S. firms, which now number 13 of the 14 operators in Venezuela. The presumed reason: Venezuela has become fearful of its dependence on the U.S. market, always open to pressure from the well-oiled tariff bloc in Congress, and wants to get a cut of the European market as a hedge. Preference or no preference, huge Creole Petroleum Corp., a Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) affiliate, announced a \$200 million expansion program, and prepared to bid for new concessions.

CANADA

Paper Crackdown

Quebec's highhanded Premier Maurice Le Noble Duplessis served an ultimatum on the pulp and paper companies in his province: either cut back newsprint prices for the Quebec press by Jan. 10 or face government controls. Last week, when the deadline passed, Duplessis made public a bill designed to harness Quebec's billion-dollar pulp and paper industry with some of the toughest controls ever imposed on Canadian business in peacetime.

Under the law, expected to pass almost automatically in the Duplessis-controlled legislature, the pulp and paper companies will be under the complete domination of a four-man government commission. Newsprint exports will not be affected (said Duplessis: "I don't care how much they charge outside Quebec"). But paper prices for Quebec newspapers will be rolled back immediately to the September 1955 level of \$117-\$119 a ton, where they stood before the last \$4-a-ton increase. After that the board will set prices and quotas for deliveries to every Quebec publisher, and failure by the paper companies to obey can bring fines of up to \$50,000, along with cancellation of licenses to cut timber in Quebec forests. There can be no appeal to the courts against a board ruling. And, as a final indignity, the Duplessis bill requires the paper industry to pay the salaries and expenses of the board.



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Friendly Welshman introduces his champion sheepdog to honeymoon couple from Boston.

"What we liked best in Britain was the people"

WHEN reporters for the British Travel Association asked a cross section of American visitors what they had liked best about their stay in Britain, the answer given most frequently was "our meeting with the British people."

Before they go, most Americans vote for Westminster Abbey and Windsor Castle, Stratford-on-Avon and the Tower of London—the famous landmarks of history.

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a little different. To be sure, the ancient monuments are thrilling, and the royal pageantry is sensational. But it's the amazing friendliness of the people that really captivates visitors.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Gallup Pollsters added up the figures in their annual popularity contest for women, proclaimed that **Eleanor Roosevelt**, in the opinion of the U.S. public, is the world's "most admired" living woman—a distinction she has won nine years out of the past ten.* The runners-up, in the order of their public appeal: U.S. Ambassador to Italy **Clare Boothe Luce**, **Mamie Eisenhower**, Helen Keller, Britain's Queen Elizabeth II, **Madame Chiang Kai-shek**, Britain's **Princess Margaret** (a newcomer to the top ten), India's **Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit**, Maine's Republican Senator **Margaret Chase Smith**, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare **Oveta Culp Hobby**.

About to turn 81, French Equatorial Africa's revered Nobel Prizewinning medical missionary, **Dr. Albert Schweitzer**, tersely answered a newsmen's questionnaire that sought Schweitzer's birthday opinions. Wrote he: "Silence should fall around me. I must not always talk about myself to the world. Let me be simple and modest . . . I would not be true to myself should I address myself again and again to the world."

Returning to civilization from a fortnight's safari in Tanganyika, Army General (ret.) **James Van Fleet**, a rugged 63, brought out proof of a mighty trophy he

* In 1951, Mrs. Roosevelt ran second to Australia's famed but controversial polio fighter Sister Elisabeth Kenny, who died in 1952.



HUNTER VAN FLEET
In a mighty bag.

Associated Press

bagged last month. Van Fleet's kill: a hefty rhinoceros whose lethal front horn measured 29 inches.

On the eve of a trip to India for a month's preaching, Evangelist **Billy Graham**, in Louisville for a laymen's conference at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, got a phone call from Secretary of State **John Foster Dulles**. Summoned to Washington, he reported, to confer with Dulles and **President Eisenhower**, Graham canceled a sermon ("Our Christian Heritage"), hopped a plane that evening. Next day, although he missed seeing Ike, Religious Diplomat Graham emerged from an hour's chat with Dulles in the Secretary's Georgetown home. He had got a solid briefing on India, told waiting newsmen that Foster Dulles has repeatedly demonstrated himself to be "a man of peace."

Interviewed by the quarterly English-language *Paris Review*, rough, tough Chicago Novelist **Nelson Nelson** (*The Man with the Golden Arm*) **Algren**, 46, gratuitously slipped a needle into the unprotected backside of rough, tough Chicago Novelist **James T. (Studs Lonigan) Farrell**. Said Algren: "Farrell . . . isn't even a real good stenographer . . . He compares himself with **Theodore Dreiser**, but I don't think he's in Dreiser's league. He's as bad a writer as Dreiser, but he doesn't have the compassion that makes Dreiser's bad writing important." In Manhattan, Author Farrell, 51, compassionately turned the other cheek: "Algren's attacked me on the Roman Catholic Church, on splitting infinitives, and now on Dreiser, but I have no desire to attack him."

At a news conference, Treasury Secretary **George Humphrey** was needled by a reporter wanting to learn what Humphrey will do about Utah's unruly Republican Governor **J. Bracken Lee**, who won't pay his 1955 income tax until ordered to, because he hates to see tax dollars going out in foreign aid. Harrumphed Republican Humphrey: "I'm going to sue him!"

With the same old self-derision about the same old family weakness, erratic Actress **Diana Barrymore**, 34, daughter of boozy Great Profile John **Barrymore**, wryly confessed to New York *Post* Gossipist Earl Wilson that John Barleycorn has thrown her for another fall, announced that she has voluntarily signed herself into a suburban sanitarium for six months. Asked if she had ever talked about drinking with her bibulous daddy, Diana hiccuped ("it must be that asparagus"): "Sure, but I wasn't very old then—just old enough to mix his drinks . . . At that time I drank like people . . . Now I drink like a giraffe."

One of those rare girls who can stand up and take a bow all at once, Actress **Jayne Mansfield**, star of the Broadway



ACTRESS MANSFIELD
With a standing bow.

hit *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* (TIME, Oct. 24), stood up and took a bow for Underwear-Negligee Associates, Inc., which, convening in Manhattan, named her "Miss Negligee of 1956."

Noted Indianapolis Philanthropist **Joshua K. Lilly Jr.**, retired pharmaceuticals tycoon (Eli Lilly & Co.), gave his rare books, one of the last great private collections of its kind, to Indiana University (his alma mater: the University of Michigan, class of '14). Among the rarities, valued at about \$5,000,000 and catapulting the worth of Indiana's library far above that of any other Midwestern university: the first printed chronicles of the travels of Columbus, De Soto and Cortez, the Caxton edition (circa 1478) of the *Canterbury Tales*, four Shakespeare folios, a tidy bundle of Robert Burns's original manuscripts.

The University of Illinois picked up a good bargain for \$30,000: Illinois-born Poet **Carl Sandburg**'s private library, now housed at Sandburg's North Carolina goat farm. Items: reams of Lincolniana (including the manuscripts of three volumes of Sandburg's works on Lincoln), revised manuscripts of Sandburg's *Complete Poems* and his yet unpublished *Song Bag*, Sandburg's correspondence with a galaxy of fellow poets, as well as with such letter writers as Evangelist Billy Sunday and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

A composer who long ago wrote a ditty in which he relished the prospect of murdering the bugler arose without a whimper to go to a dawn patrol breakfast in Manhattan. There, bifocaled (67) Songwriter **Irving Berlin** was given a silver beaver award by the local council of the

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N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
SONGWRITER BERLIN & SCOUTS
Without a whimper.

Boy Scouts of America. Early Riser Berlin was honored for setting up a fund to boost both Boy Scout and Girl Scout groups with proceeds from his longtime hit (and sometime unofficial national anthem) *God Bless America*.

At week's end Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin had been absent, without explanation, from the Moscow public eye for twelve days.

A Baltimore court appraised the estate of the late Aircraft Pioneer Glenn L. Martin (TIME, Dec. 12), set its value at some \$16 million—the largest estate ever probated in Baltimore. Items: \$14,300,000 in stocks and bonds, \$200,000 in cash, 3,000 acres (mostly a game preserve) on Maryland's Eastern Shore, a Baltimore mansion, and other choice real estate.

With 7,490 entries winnowed down to 15 final gems in Japan's annual Imperial Poetry Contest, Japan's royal family and nine of the commoner finalists (each won a lacquered stationery box) celebrated at the traditional party in Tokyo's Imperial Palace. Subject of this year's poems: early spring.* To climax the lyrical wingding in keeping with a thousand-year-old custom, the effort of Emperor Hirohito, not in the competition, was read five times. As usual, it seemed to have lost a lilting something in its English translation:

*Happily, a pheasant roams in my garden
Where morning frost has fallen
And spring's coldness still lingers on.*

* Next year's theme: *tomoshibi* (light). The contest is open to poets of all nationalities and calibers. Entries (one per poet) must stick to the subject, be reasonably concise, arrive no later than Nov. 10, 1956 in the mailbox of Annual Imperial Poetry Party Contest Committee, Imperial Household Office, Tokyo.

RELIGION

Duality at Trinity

It was Sunday, 11 a.m., time for services in Brooklyn's Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church. But, instead of one minister, two were on hand. One led the worship from the pulpit, the other stood at a lectern a few feet away.

The preacher at the lectern was the Rev. William Howard Melish, around whose name has swirled the most extraordinary fracas seen in any U.S. church for a long time. In 1949 Long Island's Bishop James P. De Wolfe fired William Melish's father, John Howard Melish, as rector of Trinity, because he would not curb the left-wing activities of his son and assistant pastor. But the vestry and congregation accepted the younger Melish to stay on as acting pastor. By last week, however, a majority of the vestry (now mostly composed of new members) had changed its stand and decided to fire Melish.

Melish did not take the edict lying down. The night before, the anti-Melish faction had changed some 40 church locks to keep Melish out. Melish partisans had countered by tearing off one of the locks. At the 11 o'clock service, the second minister, who had been sent by Bishop De Wolfe, retreated when it became apparent that most of the congregation was following the Rev. Mr. Melish's conduct of the service. The reason that many parishioners back Melish is that they resent the bishop's actions as "High Church" interference.

On the church steps afterward, William Melish shook hands with his embattled parishioners. An angry woman strode up to him from the street and said: "You are a disgrace to the church." "I am glad you told me to my face," said William Melish.

I & Thou

The visiting philosopher walked into a New York barbershop, sat down in a chair, and, while the scissors clicked away, he closed his eyes, deep in thought. Before he realized what was happening, most of his thick, long beard was gone. The philosopher was Martin Buber, the world's leading Jewish thinker. Today Buber's beard has grown back to its full splendor, and he once more looks like what he is: a modern Jewish patriarch.

Vienna-born Martin Buber, 77, lives in Jerusalem, where he taught philosophy at the Hebrew University from 1938 until his retirement five years ago. Long a prominent Zionist thinker, he is now at odds with the Israeli government, and the splinter group of which he is a leader (*Thud*, meaning Union) is almost the only voice in Israel advocating cooperation with the Arabs. But Buber's main achievement lies in his tense, paradoxical, spiritual philosophy that has perhaps been as influential among Christian theologians, e.g., Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, Karl Barth, as among Jews. A new book,

Martin Buber, the Life of Dialogue, by Philosophy Professor Maurice S. Friedman of Sarah Lawrence College (University of Chicago; \$6) is the first comprehensive study of Buber's thought.

Meaning v. Thought. Buber's work is influenced by Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Dostoevsky. It is also inspired by an 18th century Jewish movement called Hasidism. The modern Hasidism (from the Hebrew *hasid*, meaning pious) sprang up in the Polish ghettos and followed the *zaddikim*, or holy men, who rebelled against excessive emphasis on law and scholarship, which seemed to confine Judaism. They were cheerful mystics who insisted on sharing their personal inspirations with the whole community. Buber, a leading collector of Hasidic lore, is in a sense himself a *zaddik*. He too rebels against the over-rigid emphasis on the

includes a series of sure statements about the absolute, but on a narrow, rocky ridge between the gulls, where there is [only] the certainty of meeting what remains undisclosed."

Buber formulates his position in terms of two philosophical catch phrases: I-It and I-Thou.

I-It stands for the relationship of a human being to an object. The object may be another human being, as when an employer treats his workers merely as machines. Even in what appears to be love there may be an I-It relationship, as when lovers find in each other only a projection of themselves. Similarly, I-It appears in religion, as when man uses God merely for his peace of mind, or abstracts Him in complicated logical systems, or regards Him as so large and overpowering that He is out of reach. Buber refuses to see God as the "wholly Other" of Swiss Theologian Karl Barth or the "Mysterium Tremendum"



Georg Georgi

PHILOSOPHER BUBER
On a narrow ridge, the wholly Other is the wholly Same.

law. But he has also moved away from the "enlightenment" of 18th and 19th century Jewish thinkers (which led to Reform Judaism). He distrusts all philosophical systems. His is less a way of thinking about God than of personally relating to Him.

Buber points always to the duality of things—good v. evil, love v. justice, order v. freedom. But he offers no happy middle way between them. Man must not try to choose either—or, nor may he pretend that no real contradiction exists: he can only accept the tension of both opposites. "According to the logical conception of truth," he says, "only one of two contraries can be true, but in the reality of life as one lives it they are inseparable. I have occasionally described my standpoint to my friends as the 'narrow ridge.' I wanted by this to express that I did not rest on the broad upland of a system that

of German Theologian Rudolph Otto. "Of course God is the 'wholly Other.'" Buber writes, "but He is also the wholly Same, the wholly Present. Of course He is the *Mysterium Tremendum* that appears and overthrows, but He is also the mystery of the self-evident, nearer to me than my I."

I-Thou stands for the kind of meeting—love or even hate—in which two beings face and accept each other as truly human. This produces what Buber calls a dialogue—a fusion of action and response, of choosing and being chosen—that engages man's highest qualities. But I-It relationships are necessary for the everyday world. For I-Thou meetings are "strange, lyric and dramatic episodes, seductive and magical, but tearing us away to dangerous extremes, loosening the well-tried context . . . shattering security." Therefore, says Buber, modern man tries to escape from I-Thou in many

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ways, notably through collectivism, which Buber calls "the last barrier raised by man against a meeting with himself."

Ultimately, Buber applies the I-Thou idea to man's meeting with God, whom he calls the "Eternal Thou." This confrontation, says Philosopher Friedman, is "perhaps best understood from the nature of the demand which one person makes on another if the two of them really meet... If you are to meet me, you must become as much of a person as I am... In order to remain open to God [man] must change in his whole being."

Job v. God. Perhaps Buber's greatest merit is that, almost alone among modern Jewish thinkers, he has returned to the intensely personal dialogue with God that is characteristic of the Old Testament and existed among the sages and rabbis before the Middle Ages. In their writings God often sounds like a member of the family to be submitted to but nonetheless argued with: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," said Job, "but I will maintain mine own ways before him."

The man of faith, says Buber, must walk the narrow ridge, "avoiding the abyss of self-affirmation on the one hand and self-denial on the other." Author Friedman cites a Hasidic saying: "Everyone must have two pockets, so that he can reach into the one or the other, according to his needs. In his right pocket are to be the words: 'For my sake the world was created,' and in his left: 'I am dust and ashes.'"

Polygamy Battle

As the state officials approached the black, cinder-block house, a hostile crowd stared at them coldly. Waiting for them in the doorway stood Vera Black and a tiny, short-haired woman of 42 and one of Leonard Black's three wives. In the house behind Vera, her eight children waited, dressed in their Sunday best.

They would have to take away the children, the man from the Utah Welfare said, unless the Blacks would sign an agreement to 1) give up polygamy and 2) raise the children according to the law, i.e., teach them that polygamy is wrong in the eyes of the state. Thus the state is trying—without having to resort to lengthy and costly court action—to persuade the Blacks and their like-minded neighbors to give up plural marriage. But Vera Black would not be persuaded. In a steady voice, she read a statement to the officials: "Ours is a nation of equal rights before the law. Why should I be required to sign... any oath of any kind in order to keep the children I have honorably borne unless all mothers in our state be required to sign an oath?"

The Law of the Land. Later, harried officials did everything they could to make it possible for Vera Black to keep her children, but she stubbornly and tearfully refused to sign the pledge required by the state. There was nothing to do then but take the children (ages four to 19) and place them in foster homes. Vera Black and most of the other 400



United Press
POLYGAMIST BLACK & DAUGHTER
"People live this way in heaven."

residents of Short Creek on the Utah-Arizona border are called Fundamentalists and believe that multiple marriage is the law of God. What they practice openly (TIME, Aug. 3, 1953) thousands of others throughout the West practice in secret. And this is not surprising, for it is little more than 65 years since aged Wilford Woodruff, fourth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, publicly declared that "my advice to the Latter-Day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land." The Mormons have condemned plural marriage ever since, and do not recognize the "Fundamentalists" as Mormons.

"It Takes a Real Man." The Fundamentalists, in turn, look upon Woodruff and his successors as apostates from the Divine Revelations announced by Mormon Founder Joseph Smith in 1831 and again in 1843. One of them told TIME: "We believe as a people that polygamy is a divine institution. People live this way in heaven... Woodruff's manifesto of 1890 was not a revelation of God. It was a submission to expediency... Without plural marriage, men cannot become Gods."

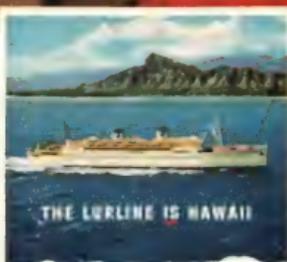
"And it takes a real man to live it. It is not a matter of lust. To take plural wives, a man doubles, triples or quadruples his responsibilities. He has more problems to solve. He must create a home in which harmony and selflessness prevail. He must provide. And it takes a real saint of a woman. She must overcome human weaknesses. In the polygamous home, there can be no jealousy, no selfishness. The whole family must live for the family, not for individuals. The children are finer. They never acquire the pettiness of other children. They live in a home where all are true brothers and sisters and love and serve one another, as God intended it."

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EDUCATION

Rebel Yells

Throughout the state of Virginia, an icy wind blew. Freezing rain fell in the north, and there was snow in the mountains of the southwest. But last week Virginians trooped to the polls in force to chalk up a vote second only to the state record set in the 1952 presidential election. By a majority of two to one, they called for a special convention to amend their constitution and circumvent the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregation in the schools.

In a sense, the action called for was mild. The voters simply approved a plan



VIRGINIA'S BYRD
No. No. No.

recommended by a commission headed by State Senator Garland Gray to 1) provide private-school tuition to pupils in cities and counties that had closed the public schools rather than desegregate, and 2) pay the tuition of any pupil who wishes to attend a private school in cities and counties that have desegregated. But mild or not, the action was in every way a revolt, an overwhelming sign that Southerners are thoroughly aroused against a decision they think violates their rights.

Whose Constitution? Though the Gray plan may eventually be knocked down in court, Virginia showed every indication that it would continue the fight. "We are in for a long-drawn-out struggle," said U.S. Senator Harry Byrd, "and may have to shift strategy from time to time." But whatever strategy the South uses, it has now confronted the country with a major legal issue. Is the U.S. Constitution, as Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes put it, "what the judges say it is"? Or is it what it was when the states first ratified it in the generally accepted belief that it

reserved to them their full "local rights"?

Not since the days before the Civil War has the South talked with such intensity about legal doctrine. Some newspapers and legislators speak of "nullification"; others talk of "interposition," i.e., interposing the sovereignty of the state between its citizens and the Federal Government. The South Carolina legislature now has before it a resolution declaring the Supreme Court's decision "null and void and of no effect so far as this state is concerned."

In Mississippi, a group of lawyers and legislators, headed by U.S. Senator James Eastland, urged the state to nullify the Supreme Court's decision. Governor-elect J. P. Coleman countered that such action would be nothing less than an "invitation to the Federal Government to send troops into Mississippi." He himself has come out for some sort of "interposition," has hinted that he will make his position clear in his inaugural address this week.

A Condition Intolerable. In Alabama, the Montgomery *Advertiser* called the Virginia vote a "thunderous revolt." In the Birmingham *Post-Herald*, Columnist John Temple Graves went into historical ecstasies. "Virginia," said he, "with names for every chapter of American history . . . Virginia, where America's history and philosophy were born . . . Surely this stern and determined gesture from the South gives pause to those who would impose on our people a condition intolerable to them and unknown to the Constitution."

The Alabama legislature was ready with determined gestures of its own. Last week the senate passed bills which in effect empower the Pickens and Macon County school boards to dismiss any teacher who advocates desegregation. The house is considering a bill, already passed once by the senate, which would set up three types of school: all-white, all-Negro and mixed.

Before the Georgia legislature there are no fewer than six bills, all designed to get around the Supreme Court. One would permit the governor to close the public schools; another would authorize local school boards to lease their buildings for private-school purposes; still another would empower the attorney general to enjoin any community from mixing the races.

"Day by day," cried Governor Marvin Griffin, "Georgia moves nearer to a showdown with this federal Supreme Court—a tyrannical court ruthlessly seeking to usurp control of state-created, state-developed and state-financed schools and colleges . . . Unless we act, and act decisively, we will see, one by one, the reserved powers of the sovereign states trampled under foot . . . Are we going to permit the naked and arrogant declaration of nine men to destroy our Constitution and usurp the blood-worn rights of our people? The answer is no, no, a thousand times no."

Catholic Howls

Louisiana's white Roman Catholics were also up in arms against the idea of mixing with Negro Roman Catholics. At Jesuit Bend they sent away their new priest because he is a Negro (*TIME*, Oct. 24). At Erath some of them beat up a woman because they thought she was going to teach white and Negro children the catechism at the same time. Last week another rebellion erupted at New Orleans' high-ranking, 100-year-old Jesuit High School.

Alarmed over rumors that the school might desegregate, the Blue Jay Parents' Club passed a resolution denouncing any such move. Reason: "Because Negro boys, taken as a group, are not as advanced



Wilfred d'Aquin
LOUISIANA'S STALLWORTH
Un. Un. Un.

educationally and because of the disparity that exists between the races in the area of health, morality and culture." The Rev. Claude J. Stallworth, principal of the school, promptly condemned the resolution as representative of "a movement which is as un-American, un-Catholic and un-Christian as Nazism, Fascism, Ku Klux Klanism or Communism." And besides, he said, he knew of no plans to integrate Jesuit High.

Federal Aid, 1956 Style

When President Eisenhower first proposed a federal aid to education program last year, many a professional educator greeted the news with hoots, and even anger. The President's major proposal—\$200 million to be spent on school construction over three years—seemed hopelessly inadequate, and the various stipulations attached to the giving threatened to smother the whole program in red tape. Last week, "in the light of a full year of further experience and study, in the light of congressional hearings and the White House Conference on Education," the



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President raised the federal ante. Chief recommendations:

¶ Grants to the states for school construction of \$250 million a year for five years. Though each state will in principle have to match its federal grant, the exact amount will be determined by its per capita income and its "relative need." Wealthy states will get less from the Government; so will those that "are noticeably lagging behind their ability, to support their public schools."

¶ A program to allow the Government to spend as much as \$750 million over the next five years to buy school-construction bonds from districts that cannot sell them on their own at reasonable interest rates.

¶ A five-year program to boost the reserves of various state finance agencies that issue long-term bonds to help local districts with their school construction.

¶ A \$20 million, five-year program to enable the Federal Government to match state grants to local communities.

¶ A "major increase in funds" for the U.S. Office of Education to enable it to finance research projects on such problems as juvenile delinquency and the effects of population shifts.

¶ The appointment of a "distinguished group of educators and citizens" to study the problems of higher education and make proposals on how to solve them.

In all, the message proposed spending some \$2 billion. Neither the Senate nor the House seemed to find any great objections, but the program might founder if someone attaches a desegregation clause.

Youth to Be Served

A Brooklyn grand jury suggested one possible solution to "the vexing problem of delinquency in our youth." It asked New York City police to issue identity cards to all boys and girls of 18 or over. Purpose of the cards: to certify that their bearers are old enough to buy and drink liquor. "Guzale Tags," the *Daily News* called them.

The Monster

In his nine years as coach at the gridiron-conscious University of Maryland, Big Jim Tatum saw his Terrapins cover themselves with glory: they won 71 games, lost only 13, played five bowl games. It was only natural, therefore, to expect that when Big Jim announced that he had accepted a \$15,000 coaching job at the University of North Carolina, Maryland should be plunged in gloom. But the gloom was hardly universal—not was there cheering at Chapel Hill. At both places, it seemed, students were showing distinct signs of growing up. Said Maryland's undergraduate *Diamondback*:

"We do not feel his leaving means the end of the University of Maryland. Rather it may be a second beginning. It may mean a pause in athletics which will give us time to develop more of the academic fundamentals for which the university exists." The Tatum era "was an era in which an inadequate stadium became ultra-adequate . . . It was an era in which those academic programs common to other uni-



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Anthony Ling

NORTH CAROLINA'S TATUM
The students blew the whistle.

versities were called off at Maryland due to lack of student interest. It was an era in which our accreditation was partially threatened because of an overemphasis on athletic scholarships."

Roared North Carolina's *Tar Heel* on Tatum's imminent arrival: "Now that we have this parasitic monster of open professionalism in our midst, let's not hold on to any delusions about it. Let's not think that it will fail to dye the whole fabric of athletics at the university. Let's not think either that it will fail to take its toll on the academic health of the school. Let's not believe that Jim Tatum . . . will play the game any more for the old college try here than he did at Maryland. He will play to win and win alone."

For Scientific Leadership

To help provide the U.S. with more and better scientific leadership, the Rockefeller Institute announced that it would open in Manhattan a graduate university for science students and research scholars. Each year 15 to 20 college graduates and doctors of medicine from all over the world will receive \$3,500 fellowships, will spend a minimum of three years working either for a Ph.D. or a doctorate of medical science. The university will not encourage early specialization, but, says President Detlev Bronk, "as the students' interests develop, they will be led by their curiosity and urged by the faculty to spend not less than twelve months in study under leading scholars in two or three other universities anywhere in the world. We will defray the expenses."

Added Bronk: "In the spirit of research we will endeavor to preserve a flexible educational pattern and an adventurous environment for our students. We agree with Abraham Flexner, the great educator . . . 'As a democracy needs intellectual distinction, it would be fatal to exhibit too timorous a spirit.'"

King's Ransom

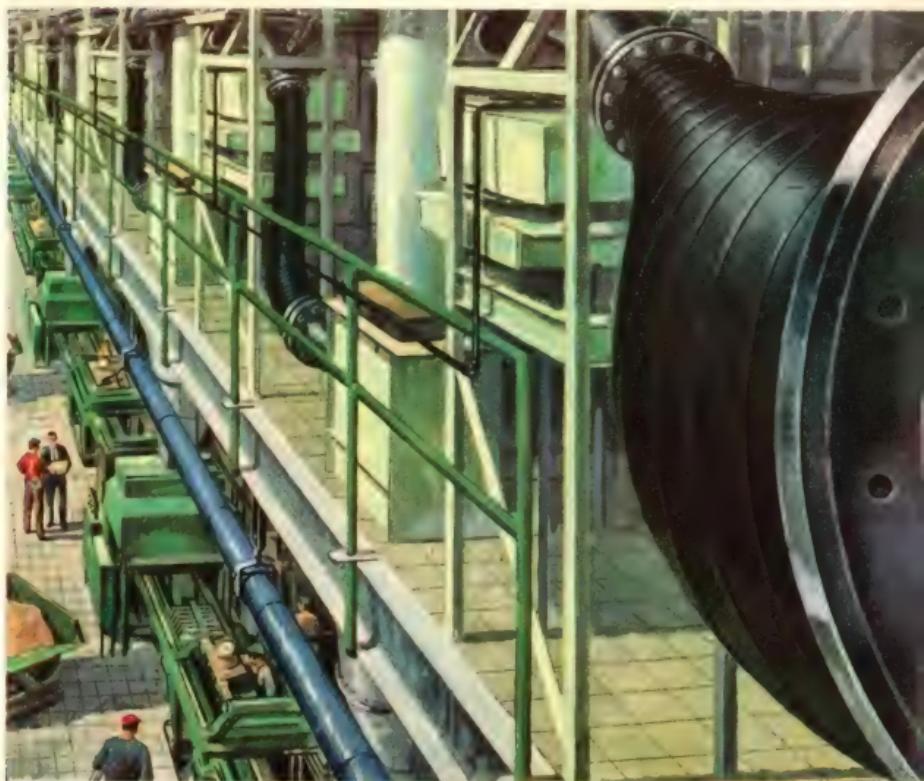
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MUSIC

The Duke Rides Again

Duke Ellington was back in Manhattan last week, and jazz fans went to look him over at Café Society. The glad word from that echoing Greenwich Village cellar was: the Duke is riding high again. He displays a growing habit of holding earnest conversations with onlookers while playing the piano, and of even leaving the bandstand and meandering back just in time to give the final cutoff. But his band is practically reborn.

The five saxes play with savage bite or else hum in their eerie, split harmonies behind a pagan trumpet solo; the three trombones clip off their own high-swinging ensemble passages; and the four trumpets blaze away with such ferocity that the effect becomes strangely airy and bodiless. But the chief reason for all the internal excitement is the Duke's new drummer, Sam Woodyard. He sits, lean and still, behind his battery, neatly punctuating every phrase, coming as close as any man could to playing a tune on his four side drums and three cymbals (he actually squeezes pitch changes out of one drum by leaning on it with an elbow), while keeping a rhythm as solid as Gibraltar. When the band appeared bored with a number, he seemed to get under and above—and the band came alive.

Organ Revival

The first mechanical pipe organ, a water-driven monster called a hydraulis, so awed the ancients that they enshrined it in a temple of Venus. A 5th century organ at Jerusalem thundered forth such a gigantic noise that admirers listened from the Mount of Olives, nearly a mile away. The stir that the organ is creating today is almost as awe-inspiring.

The old pipe organ seemed to have played itself to a standstill when, about two years ago, it was suddenly discovered by high-fidelity fans and came back with a roar. With high fidelity's new recording techniques, hazy diapasons became vivid, and when the hi-fi crowd learned that the organ could play both lower and higher than any other instrument, it became their all-out favorite. The boom began with sub-middlebrow theater-organ concoctions, e.g., a series of LPs by Organist Reginald Foort, on the Cook label, continued with a series by George Wright, put out by newly formed High Fidelity Recordings, Inc. On the serious side there are Columbia's fast-selling church-organ recordings with E. Power Biggs, and Decca has completed a major release of Bach by German Organist Helmut Walcha. But one outfit, Westminster, which made its reputation with fine sound, did not release a pipe-organ disk until last week.

It was not for lack of an organist or a program; Westminster has an agreement with Princeton's Carl Weinrich, 51, a musician willing and able to undertake all the organ works of Bach. But Westminster's musical director, Vienna-born



Walter Doran

DRUMMER WOODYARD
As solid as Gibraltar.

Kurt List, had not found an organ that exactly met his sharp-eared requirements: 1) it must be a low-pressed, sweet-sounding baroque organ whose ready stops and scintillant overtones would be similar to the sound of Bach's own playing; 2) the acoustics of the church must be sufficiently "sec" (dry) to let the organ sound clearly. Two years ago, a Swedish record fan sent Westminster a tape of an organ in Varfrukyrka (Our Lady's Church) in the small city of Skanninge, 180 miles south of Stockholm. The Westminster project was front-page news in Stockholm (13TH CENTURY SWEDISH



WESTMINSTER'S LIST & WEINRICH
As awesome as Jerusalem.

CHURCH GIVES U.S.A. 3-D MUSIC. headlined *Svenska Dagbladet*). For six weeks last summer, the Skanninge Lutheran church became a studio with 20 microphones draped through holes in the ceiling. Traffic was diverted and the town hall's council chamber near by became the recording control room.

Organist Weinrich recorded 76 separate Bach pieces, or about one-fourth of all the master's organ music. Last week the first two LPs of the series were released, containing the 46 chorale preludes of Bach's *Orgelbüchlein* (*Little Organ Book*). Organist Weinrich's performance is as pure and concise as Bach is supposed to sound; the distinctness of his contrapuntal lines sets off the daring harmonic progressions that so dismayed Bach's congregation, as well as the surging emotion. The recorded sound is sweet and—being hi-fi—a little bit clearer than it would ever be in a church. Two years hence, if all goes well, Westminster's *Complete Organ Works of Bach*, an estimated 22 LPs, will give the organ-happy public a complete earful.

Culture in Kansas

With wild hopes but grave doubts, seven musicians gathered in Wichita, Kans. and laid plans to start a symphony orchestra. From the employees of Wichita's aircraft builders (Boeing, Beech) and the friendly musicians' union local, they managed to collect \$300. They wrote letters to some 70 other musicians in nearby towns, asking them to play the first year without pay. The infant orchestra rehearsed in a hotel ballroom, where the players had to sweep the floor themselves. That was eleven years ago. Today, the Wichita Symphony has an \$80,000 yearly budget and not even the local baseball club, the Wichita Indians, could be closer to the town's heart. Items:

¶ The symphony operates two youth orchestras, drawn from surrounding communities, which also function as farm clubs for new players: 17 members of the 86-man orchestra learned their trade in the youth symphonies.

¶ The symphony's women's committee, 500 strong, relentlessly blankets the town, has sold 4,400 season tickets for this season's six programs—which may well be a national record for community orchestras. ¶ Each concert now has to be given twice to meet the demand—and it looks as if next year the programs will have to be played three times.

Last week Conductor James Robertson led the Wichita Symphony in its third concert of the season. The program ranged from the almost-modern Sibelius *Concerto in D Minor* (with 28-year-old Violinist Aaron Rosand) to Rimsky-Korsakov's well-worn *Scheherazade*—which miffed a few of Wichita's growing number of musical sophisticates, but wowed the big audiences. The performances sounded as rich and bold as a big-city orchestra's.

Much of Wichita's musical revolution was achieved by Symphony Manager Alan Watrous, 55, who believes that a community must grow its own culture ("I hate

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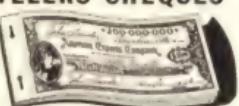


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that word, but what the devil else can you call it?" rather than buy it outside. A violinist and onetime music teacher, Manager Watrous has a special culture-growing formula: get the symphony and school system to work together. A string quartet of symphony players gives 80 concerts a year in schoolrooms. Twice a year, the orchestra plays student concerts at the rate of four a day—120 buses shuttle one crowd of music-hungry kids to the auditorium's front door and cart the preceding crowd of music-fid kids away from the back.

The Wichita Symphony's musicians only make \$400-\$500 a season, but more than half also teach in schools. The kind of life that combines teaching and music-making has drawn many players from big-city orchestras. "I was just one of scores of musicians in the city," says one performer. "I had to scrounge for additional income. I lived in a crowded, third-rate neighborhood. Here, I'm buying my own home in a clean, airy neighborhood, and I'm considered one of the leading members of the local music world. My teaching job gives me more satisfaction than some big-time musicians believe possible."

Wichita's musical life is rich and happy, but there is still one element missing. With two papers and a population of 200,000, the city has no regular music critic. But Wichita manages to enjoy its music anyway.

Danube Blues

Vienna has capitulated to the jukebox. It was in Viennese restaurants that Johann Strauss Jr. first played some of his great waltzes: gypsy fiddlers roamed Viennese bars, while in quiet cafés the only music (no less attractive in its own way) used to be the rustle of turning newspapers and the click of spoons scooping the whipped cream from the coffee cups. Now, everywhere, jukeboxes are going full blast. Vienna has 400, all bought during the past 14 months, the rest of the country has 300 more, and jukebox salesmen (one of whom is a count, of course) report that they cannot keep up with growing demand.

Except for some indestructible old favorites, sentimental Viennese oldies are supplanted by mambos, boogie-woogie and other jazz. Teen-agers sit for hours, nursing their beers and feeding schillings to the mechanical monsters. Current hits: *Three Coins in the Fountain*, *Ko Ko Mo* and *I Love Paris* (in the springtime). There are those who deplore the jukebox (which is known as "Musikautomat") as further evidence that civilization is in *schrecklich* shape. But Vienna's present-day songwriters (not a Strauss among them) are jazzing up older tunes for jukebox use and, in the process, are demonstrating that they can be fairly *schrecklich* on their own. Current sample:

*Wie in an Guglhupf zu Zibben
So sitzen wir beinand' im Leben
(Like two raisins in a coffee cake
We sit side by side in life.)*

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SCIENCE

The Traveling Snowman

Holiday skiers at the French Alpine resort of Val-d'Isère were buzzing last week about the reported arrival of an uninvited winter guest: the Abominable Snowman, bristly bogeyman of the Himalayas. On the desolate Col de l'Iseran, members of the British Olympic ski team spotted a line of well-marked footprints the size of small dinner plates, with clearly distinguishable pads and claws. To Veteran Skier and Team Manager Peter Waddell, they resembled nothing so much as photographs of the prints of the dread Himalayan *Metohkangmi* (literally, "Filthy Man of the Snow"). Like many Abominable Snowman tracks, these disappeared mysteriously over the edge of a sheer precipice.

Although no one has ever captured or photographed the Snowman, he is securely fixed in the legends of Nepal. According to the native Sherpas, he is a weird half man, half beast covered with reddish-brown hair, who lives in high Himalayan caves and feeds indiscriminately on tailless rats, yaks, and the hapless men who wander his way. He is given to howling horribly at night and loping through the snow with his hair over his eyes, and his feet pointing backwards to confuse his enemies. His most startling physical feature is the huge thumb at his heel, which helps him to scale impossible heights.

Although Sherpa guides and porters say they have seen him from time to time, legend has it that anyone who looks on him will die an instant violent death. In 1954 a 200-man British expedition spent several months searching for him on the slopes of Everest, returned empty-handed. Last spring Everest Conqueror Tenzing Norgay got a chance to examine a "certified" Snowman skin in the possession of

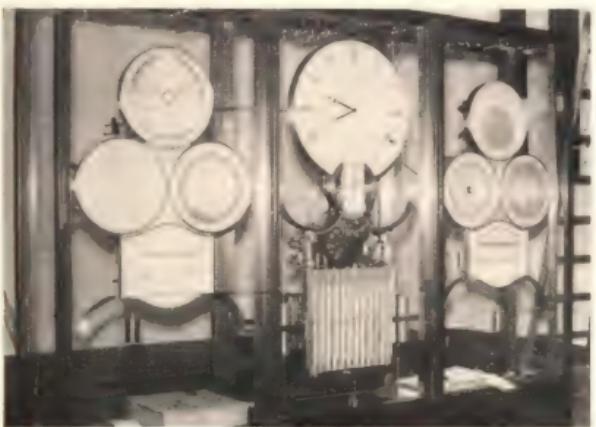


The London Times
MYSTERY TRACKS IN THE ALPS

To the edge of a precipice.

two lamas, reported that it looked suspiciously like the skin of a small bear.

Up to now, the Snowman has never been reported outside his Himalayan hunting grounds, and even his staunchest defenders are reluctant to believe that he is roaming the Alpine winter sports resorts. The Snow and Avalanche Research Institute's André Roch, who is positive that he has seen Snowman tracks in the Himalayas, believes that the Val-d'Isère tracks were probably made by a bear which



COPENHAGEN'S ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK
For the next 25,700 years.

Associated Press

roamed into the area from the Italian Dolomites, some 200 miles away. But hardheaded Skier Waddell, aware that no bears have been seen in the vicinity for years, is not so sure. "This business is as strange to me as it is to you," said he last week. "If you can find a better explanation, I'd like to hear it."

Master Clock

Through Copenhagen's ornate Town Hall trooped a steady stream of sightseers last week to look at the workings of the world's most complex astronomical clock. Set in motion shortly before Christmas by Denmark's King Frederik IX, the clock is expected to run steadily for more than 1,000 years, deviating in its measurement of sidereal time by only two-fifths of a second every 300 years. If properly cared for, it will accurately calculate the position of the stars in the universe for the next 25,700 years.

The Copenhagen clock is the product of some 40 years' planning by onetime Locksmith Jens Olsen, who died in 1945. A self-taught astronomer, physicist and engineer, Olsen conceived the idea of his clock after seeing the famed astronomical clock in Strasbourg. He devoted all of his spare time to planning it and calculating its complex mathematical functions. With funds raised by clockmakers societies, he completed the plans in 1944, lived just long enough to supervise the first months of production of the clock's 15,000 different parts. Since then, a million dollars has gone into the clock. It is housed in an airtight, humidity-and-temperature-controlled glass case.

The clock has ten faces and eleven sets of coordinated works moved by weights. Its 445 toothed wheels revolve at rates which vary from once every ten seconds to once every 25,000 years. (Olsen once showed a small wheel to a friend with the remark: "This piece will first be used in another thousand years.") Among the things that the clock computes: the days of the week, date, month and year on the Gregorian calendar, the Julian day and year, the movements of the planets, sunrise and sunset by mean solar time and true solar time, central European time, and sidereal time. Inventor Olsen's own favorite chronologic refinement: a calendar of church feasts, which at the beginning of each year records the coming year's feast days after the calendar mechanism has gone through 570,000 different functions in six minutes.

Defensive Tests

AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss announced last week that nuclear tests to be held in the Pacific next spring will "involve less powerful weapons than the largest used in the 1954 tests." Also announced: the series "will be the further development of defense against nuclear attack." This probably means that atomic explosives or atom-armed missiles will be tried against airplanes high in the sky. It will partially meet military complaints that the AEC tests "nuclear devices" rather than practical "weapons systems."

MICROWAVE TAKES OVER

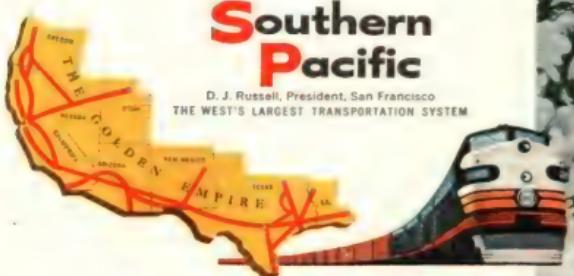
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RADIO & TV

Magic on the Air Waves

Opera is hard enough to produce in the opera house, where the conductor is only 20-odd feet from his cast. On TV it is twice as hard: the conductor is in another room. This week the NBC Opera Theatre televised its 38th opera production, Mozart's masterpiece, *The Magic Flute*, two hours of soaring music and symbolic drama, beautifully sung and bewitchingly visualized in color.

On the podium offscreen was Musical Director Peter Herman Adler, wearing a particularly abstracted look because the music of his orchestra impinged directly on one ear, while the singing of the distant cast and chorus entered his other ear through a headphone. If he wanted to see how the action looked, he peeked at a nearby monitor TV screen. He was also watched by a TV camera, and his image was flashed on monitor screens in the chorus room and at various points in the block-long onetime movie studio that served as the stage. There, relay conductors glued their eyes to his baton and conducted the singers. Probably the most remarkable fact of all: more than on any stage, *The Magic Flute's* fairy-tale plot seemed perfectly at home on TV. The medium of *Disneyland* and space cadets (in fact, Tamino's costume resembled a space suit).

Top singer in a high-flying cast was Leontyne Price, whose liquid soprano never sounded truer or sweeter. The brilliant music was matched by TV Director Kirk Browning's elegant camera shots, and the designs made of heads and bodies by Stage Director George Balanchine. It was not quite matched by the singable but self-conscious English text by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, but it all added up to the finest TV opera to date.



"MAGIC FLUTE'S" PRICE (RIGHT) & SINGERS ON THE SET
No orchestra and no pit.



"BLITHE SPIRIT'S" COWARD, NATWICK, COBERT & BACALL
No cars for crackpots.

The Week in Review

Viewers last week were treated to the raciest—and most profane—language that has ever been heard on TV. The author: Noel Coward, who also acted with silky efficiency in his *Blithe Spirit*, on CBS's *Ford Star Jubilee*. As for the sprinkling of "hells" and "damns" in his play, Coward observed coldly: "People who object to the profanity in *Blithe Spirit* are crackpots, and Mr. Ford should be happy if even one of them doesn't buy his car. They would be a menace on the highway."

The show itself was one of the highlights of a drama-studded week. In telling the story of a husband bedeviled by the ghost of his first wife (and then of his second wife), Coward got notable support

from Mildred Natwick, who played a zany medium with all the comic zest she had brought to the part in its Broadway opening some 15 years ago. Claudette Colbert and Lauren Bacall, as the materializing wives, looked their parts more adequately than they played them, and Actress Bacall sometimes seemed uneasy when reciting the litany of her infidelities, as if she expected at any moment that an implacable censor would step onscreen and stop the proceedings.

Unaccustomed Polish. As though rising to a challenge, the rest of the week's dramatic shows were far above average. Maurice Evans and Hallmark combined to produce a first-rate version of Emlyn Williams' *The Corn Is Green*. Eva Le Gallienne was crisply dictatorial as the dog-eating English spinster, while John Kerr smoldered like a burning coal as the boy brought from the bowels of a Welsh mine to the stately quadrangles of Oxford.

CBS's *Omnibus* kept the drama level high with the James Barrie play, *Dear Brutus*, especially selected by Helen Hayes to celebrate her 50 years in the theater. In the 1918 opening of the play, Actress Hayes had played Margaret, the child who "might-have-been," opposite William Gillette. On TV she was the world-sick Mrs. Dearth who gets a chance to relive her life and does even worse than before. Helen Hayes played with authority and was well-supported by Franchot Tone, Martyn Green and Lori March. But teen-ager Susan Strasberg—in Helen's old role of Margaret—nearly stole the show in a beautifully stylized scene in Barrie's enchanted forest.

Even TV's original plays showed an unaccustomed polish. The best was *Aleou Hour's* presentation of *Man on a Tiger*, adapted from a short story by Adman David Levy. It was a plunge deep into the Madison Avenue jungle, where admen fight for accounts, TV comedians fight for



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prestige and the small fry of television fight for their very existence. Keenan Wynn was the comic whose ratings have begun to slip and Melvyn Douglas the account executive who had risen to a vice-presidency on the comic's back and now decides it is time to get off. The flaw in the play was that none of the characters were virtuous enough to be morally sympathetic or villainous enough to be theatrically sympathetic. But its speech and action had the ring of authenticity, and it was filled with accurately observed scenes, as when two bigshots spend a day futilely trying to reach each other by phone and are thwarted because each of their loyal secretaries is too proud to put her boss on the wire first.

Believable Make-Believe. The week's outstanding show, and the one that was certain to offend no one of any age, sex, race or religion, was NBC's *Peter Pan*. Mary Martin came soaring out of a canvas sky to enchant some 55 million viewers—10 million fewer than watched last year's *Peter Pan*, but still far and away the largest audience for any TV event of the current season. This second look at Barrie's fable confirmed the remembered excellence of Jerome Robbins' production and the believable make-believe of Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. It also enabled viewers to see that perfection does not stop with the stars: Sondra Lee was totally right as Tiger Lily, leader of the superbly choreographed Indians; Kathy Nolan's Wendy was witty as well as winsome, and even such spear carriers as the animals and Captain Hook's foolishly wicked crew had personality and flair.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Jan. 18. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Afternoon Film Festival (Wed. 3 p.m., ABC). Alec Guinness in *A Run for Your Money*.

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). The Uncle Remus fables.

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Arnold Bennett's *The Great Adventure*, with Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy.

Star Stage (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Ralph Bellamy in *Articles of War*.

Mox Liebman Presents (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). *Paris in the Springtime*, with Dan Dailey, Gale Sherwood, Helen Gallagher.

Wide, Wide World (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). *Portrait of an American Winter*.

Omnibus (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Yugoslav National Folk Ballet.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). "Do Women Dress for Men?" discussed by Clifton Fadiman, Faye Emerson, Jacques Barzun.

Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall (Fri. 9:30 p.m., CBS). With Ernest Borgnine.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Carmen*, with Stevens, Di Stefano, Amara, Merrill.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Copland and Sibelius.

MEDICINE

A Cough for Pavlov

"Saint Ildefonso used to scold me and punish me lots of times. He would sit me on the bare floor and make me eat with the cats of the monastery. These cats were such rascals that they took advantage of my penitence. They drove me mad stealing my choicest morsels. It did no good to chase them away. But I found a way of coping with the beasts in order to enjoy my meals.

"I put them all in a sack, and on a pitch black night took them out under an arch. First I would cough, and then immediately whale the daylight out of the cats. They whined and shrieked like an infernal pipe organ. I would pause for a while and repeat the operation—first a cough, and



Bettmann Archive

LOPE DE VEGA

As every Russian schoolboy knows . . .

then a thrashing. I finally noticed that even without beating them, the beasts moaned and yelped like the very devil whenever I coughed. I then let them loose. Thereafter, whenever I had to eat off the floor, I would cast a look around. If an animal approached my food, all I had to do was to cough, and how that cat did scat!"

This, in free translation by the University of Connecticut's Professor Jaime H. Arjona, runs a story from *El Capellán de la Virgen* (*The Virgin's Chaplain*), reprinted in the current *American Psychologist*. No clearer exposition of the principle of conditioned reflexes has ever been written. As every Russian schoolboy knows, reflex conditioning was unknown until it was discovered by Russian Physiologist Ivan Petrovich Pavlov (1849-1936). *El Capellán de la Virgen*, a play about the life of Saint Ildefonso (606-667), Archbishop of Toledo, was written by the Spanish Dramatist Lope de Vega about 1615.

Boy or Girl?

Three Israeli scientists last week said they have found a surefire method of determining a baby's sex before birth.

The method is based on the fact demonstrated by Canadian scientists (TIME, Feb. 23, 1953), that a substance called sex chromatin can be detected in female but not in male cells. Dr. David Serr and Geneticists Leo Sachs and Mathilde Danon of Jerusalem's Rothschild-Hadassah University Hospital reasoned that cells in the amniotic fluid, the liquid inside the sac that encloses the fetus, could be analyzed to reveal the child's sex. To get small samples of the fluid, they inserted an extremely fine hypodermic needle through the vagina and into the sac.

In 20 cases the researchers were 100% right in determining the baby's sex before birth. So far they have confined their tests to women about to give birth, but they believe the test can be used after the twelfth week.

The Israeli scientists claim that their test is safe. But many other doctors believe that such tests are dangerous and may harm the child or mother. At any rate, nothing can be done but wait for birth to see whether the test is correct.

Radiation Mystery

Vomiting is an important protective function, i.e., the stomach eliminates or warns against dangerous substances in the body. But, while doctors know how to induce vomiting,* they have never found out exactly how it is caused. Scientists at the University of Utah College of Medicine are now studying vomiting for a clue to the nature of one of man's newest ailments: radiation sickness.

Doctors have found that—for unknown reasons—radiation victims who vomit almost immediately after exposure are almost sure to die, and those who do not vomit at all are almost certain to survive. This fact led Utah's Pharmacologist Herbert L. Borison to conclude that vomiting may hold the key to the process that causes death from radiation.

Convinced that a "thread" somewhere in the human body linked vomiting with many types of illness, Dr. Borison and Columbia University's Dr. S. C. Wang determined, in 1953, the existence of a vomiting control center and a trigger zone in the brain stem. By removing the trigger zone from the brains of dogs and cats, Dr. Borison and his research staff have been able to prevent vomiting that ordinarily follows the injection of certain chemicals into the blood stream.

Researcher Borison is sure he has discovered an additional trigger zone somewhere "lower down" in the central nervous system, that sets off radiation-induced vomiting. By cutting certain nerves in the

* By tickling the back of the throat, administering solutions of mustard or potassium tartrate, or by injecting other emetic drugs.



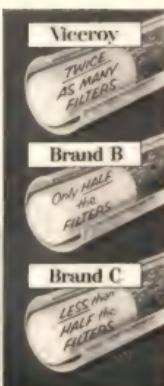
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upper abdomen that lead to the control center, he is able to prevent vomiting from radiation. If he can discover the cause of radiation-induced vomiting, a way may be found to combat death from radiation sickness.

Capsules

Playing wind instruments can give valuable muscle control to youngsters with mouth or teeth deformities, reports Dr. Howard E. Kessler of Western Reserve University School of Dentistry in *Dental Surgery*. Such therapy gives the child frequent muscle-control practice, helps correct his deformity. Sample musical prescriptions: a child with a protruded jaw should play the saxophone or clarinet, a child with a retruded jaw the trumpet, cornet, bugle or trombone.

Three-and-a-half-month-old Daniel Patrick Benson, believed to be the first child ever born with polio in the U.S.,



Associated Press
POLIO VICTIM BENSON & SON
He upset a theory.

was reported showing improvement as he posed for his first photograph with his mother, Mrs. Patricia Benson, a 26-year-old Madison, Wis. graduate nurse who was stricken with polio when she was pregnant. The youngster's birth was normal, but he was born with paralysis of both legs and the left arm. This fact upset the generally accepted theory that a child does not contract polio in the womb.

Diabetes among children is increasing, warns University of Rochester Pediatrician-Professor Gilbert B. Forbes in *GP* magazine of the American Academy of General Practice. His observations about young diabetes victims: 1) underweight, not obesity, plays a major role in diabetes among the young; 2) eating too many sweets does not lead to diabetes; 3) almost all juvenile diabetics need insulin, and it is best to begin treatment in a hospital; 4) to avoid making a child bitter, some control should be sacrificed, e.g., diet breaks on birthdays.



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SCOTCH with a History

THE PRESS

The Press & the President

Huddled deep in their paper-cluttered examining rooms, the pundits of the press, those professional diagnosticians of the body politic, scrutinized the big, double-barreled question: Will and should Ike run? The President's words at Key West were examined like smears beneath a microscope. The circuitous comments and no comments of his close associates, even the guesses of fellow journalists, were treated as seriously as lab reports. But the diagnosis was so tricky that each diagnostician found himself in the end relying on his own instincts, usually curved to his own political bent:

¶ In the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, Columnists Joseph and Stewart Also reported: "Now almost everyone with access to the President believes that he means to run, bar unusual fatigue or a medical red light."

¶ New York Times Washington Correspondent James ("Scotty") Reston, more often a critic than an applauder of the Administration, ventured no prediction, but concluded three pro and con articles on "The Big Question" with more cons than pros. Reston reasoned that none of the President's most trusted advisers would want to play the devil's advocate in urging Ike not to run. Stepping into the breach, Reston listed nine reasons why Ike should not run, against six for running.

¶ The pro-Eisenhower Dallas *News* thought that the President's failure to protest when his name was entered in the Illinois primary "indicates that [he] will consent to run if he gets the nod from his medical advisers . . . It seems reasonable to interpret it as [his] hope."

¶ The Washington Post and Times Herald, self-classified as Independent but leaning in a Democratic direction, assessed a poll of heart specialists who voted 141 to 93 (without the benefit of an examination of the patient) that Ike could be regarded as physically able to serve a second term. "The most significant conclusion to be drawn from this," said the *Post*, "is that heart specialists tend to be Republicans by a preponderance of about 3 to 2."

¶ Right-Wing Columnist David Lawrence argued that Ike's reference to the danger of an "unexpected" change in governments in the U.S. could refer to more than the risk of a President's death in office. Contended Lawrence: "Whenever he says he doesn't intend to run again, the news will come as a shock . . . The 'unexpected' will then develop with intensity. American leadership will suddenly become uncertain and perhaps frustrated. [This] type of change would produce far more damage to world affairs in general and to the economic situation in the U.S. National policies toward business . . . would be left uncertain till a new President took office ten or twelve months later."

¶ New York City's pro-Eisenhower *Daily News* was irked by the "tender concern" shown for the President since his illness



WALTER BENNETT

PUNDIT LAWRENCE
Smears beneath the microscope.

by "practically all the New-Fair Deal" politicians and journalists. "It would be a sin and a shame, according to these folks," said the editorial, "for this lovely character to be high-pressed and dragged by callous G.O.P. politicians into running for a second term, tearing White House term . . . he's earned a rest . . . and sob, sob, sob. What puzzles us is that you hear no similar moans and groans about Senator Lyndon B. Johnson. Senator Johnson had a heart attack, too . . . Yet it seems quite odd with the New-Fair Dealers for Johnson to work like a horse as the heavily burdened leader of



PRINCESS-TO-BE & REPORTERS
"Daily Variety" wondered how Grace would do at the palace.

United Press

the Senate Democratic majority. How do you explain that, please?"

Reading the experts, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* summed up: "There are some who think their ears to the ground have found certain intelligible rumbles. The great chance is that they are hearing only what they want to hear."

The Prince & the Papers

At the Cannes Film Festival last May, an executive of Paris *Match*, France's top picture magazine, dreamed up a new angle for photographing Prince Rainier III's palace at Monaco: he asked visiting Grace Kelly to provide the foreground. She agreed, if he could arrange an audience with the Prince. Out of that unwitting stroke of Matchmaking grew a huge cornucopia, and the U.S. and European press filled it to overflowing last week with gags, gush and gabble.

In the aftermath of Grace's engagement to the Prince (TIME, Jan. 16), the week's actual events were sparse. Grace went back to Hollywood to finish *The Swan*, a movie about a girl who marries a prince. The Prince went to Florida to take a rest. Shipping Tycoon Aristotle Socrates Onassis, the man who owns the bank at Monte Carlo and who will be spared the fate of French taxes if the Prince sires an heir, announced, "I am mad with joy," and celebrated the engagement by giving 1,000,000 francs to the Monaco Red Cross.

But little Monaco was dwarfed by the acres of newsprint over which the press spread the contents of family albums, newsless interviews with Grace, reconstructions of the proposal scene (RAINIER SEALED IT OVER PHEASANT, NATCH—New York's *Daily News*), analyses of Grace's wardrobe, even recipes for Monégasque specialties. Date, site and other arrangements for the marriage were not even settled, but the bride's mother, Mrs. John

Love Letters to Rambler

Breakfast in Berlin . . . dinner at home in Farmingdale, N. Y. . . it's all in a day's work for Pan American Airways Pilot, Joseph F. Ross. An Air Force Pilot in the 8th Bomber Division during World War II, he won the DFC and four Air Medals. Over the Atlantic he flies DC-6's. On the highways, he pilots a Rambler Station Wagon with its extra room and travel convenience for his wife and four children. He writes:

"In my Rambler Station Wagon, with a vague notion that El Paso lay in a Sou'westerly direction, I left Babylon, N. Y. on 18th May. Less than six days and almost 5,000 miles later, I was back in Babylon! I expected that 60 would be as fast as I could drive and still be relaxed. Was delighted when I pushed it to 70 to find I still had excellent control and stability.

"On the trip back, I decided to hold about 63 m.p.h. I was surprised to note I was getting 26 m.p.g. (with Hydra-Matic Drive). The performance and high-speed roadability I got are not keeping with the notion of light cars."

* * *

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B. Kelly, began receiving—in the columns of papers serviced by Hearst's King Features Syndicate. In ten "intimate," astold-to installments, titled "My Daughter Grace Kelly, Her Life and Romances," Mrs. Kelly counted aloud: "Men began proposing to my daughter Grace when she was barely 15 . . . Prince Rainier III . . . was at least the 50th man." Father Francis J. Tucker, the Prince's American chaplain, topped Mrs. Kelly by putting his by-line on two series about the Prince, one for I.N.S., the other in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

An American Base? The U.P. proudly reported how one of its men was allowed to walk Grace's poodle between trains in Chicago. The Los Angeles *Herald & Express* scooped the town by getting a man aboard Grace's train before it arrived; his interview clearly nailed down the fact that she is a blonde cinemactress. Then, respectfully removing his hat from the back of its head, the *Herex* editorialized: "This country has many allies, bound to us by various ties, but we sometimes wonder about the strength of the bindings. But not so in the forthcoming alliance between the United States of America and the principality of Monaco. There is a real alliance." International implications also weighed hard on a French reader of *Le Monde* who wrote: "Is Monaco about to become an American base?"

What *Match* had joined together, the Chicago *Tribune* desired to put asunder. HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR A KELLY, groused the *Trib*. "She is too well bred a girl to marry the silent partner in a gambling parlor." But the editorial saw some hope; one day Britain's Prince Charles might marry a daughter of Grace, and "with an infusion of Irish blood, the British royal family might become more adept in the art of governing." Among the *Tribune's* bedfellows was the Communist *Daily Worker's* Joseph North, who seemed hurt that Grace had chosen a mate "who can't lay bricks . . . or act . . . or write plays . . . or row a boat." Another class-conscious objector appeared in a *Daily Mirror* survey of New York Kellys. Said a Flatbush Avenue Kelly: "He's not even in her class." Others who disapproved: Long Island's *Newsday*, and the Denver *Post* (BENEATH HER STATION). In Britain, while slobbering over the romance, London's tabloid *Daily Sketch* let its columnist Candidus complain righteously about the "vulgarization" of it all. The *Manchester Guardian*, with a sense of fitness of things, headlined the story: PRINCE RAINIER ENGAGED.

Tin Pun Alley. The loudest cackles came, of course, from the columnists. In New York, the *News's* Robert Sylvester asked: "Will the towels at the royal palace in Monaco be marked 'His and Heirs'?" In Chicago, the *Sun-Times's* Irv Kupcinet cracked: "It isn't the romance that interests Miss Kelly—it's the principality of the thing." Guffawed Hollywood's *Daily Variety*: "Show business wonders how Grace will do at the palace," and the U.P.'s Aline Mosby reported: "M-G-M's executives . . . are worried



International

JOURNALIST KELLY
She counted up to 50.

that she will fly off to Monte Carlo and be seen henceforth only on postage stamps." Columnist Hedda Hopper said right out loud: "[Her] friends are completely baffled; half of them don't believe she and the Prince will ever reach the altar."

General Joe of the J.C.S.

In Honolulu last week, J.C.S. Chairman Admiral W. Radford assured newsmen that Columnists Stewart and Joseph Alsop, the Cassandra's of the defense program, were really too worried about the state of U.S. preparedness, notably the production rate of heavy jet bombers. Then reporters asked Radford about possible successors at the end of his term, 19 months hence. "Do you think General [Alfred M.] Gruenther might succeed you?" inquired one. "He would be a good man," said Radford. "Or maybe we ought to get Joe Alsop in there."

Twelve in Moscow

The Baltimore *Sun* announced last week that the Russians had granted a permanent visa to Howard M. Norton, 44, veteran foreign and Washington correspondent, to open a Sun bureau in Moscow. Norton will enlarge the U.S. Moscow press corps to a dozen, including three for the A.P., two for U.P., and one each for I.N.S., New York *Times*, New York *Herald Tribune*, NBC and CBS. Also due in Moscow this week is Look's Edmund Stevens, 45, who will still appear occasionally in the *Christian Science Monitor*.

But Russia's journalistic games are not open to all. Several visa applications from U.S. newsmen are still pending, and last week Moscow announced the first outright rejection of a U.S. correspondent's application since the Geneva summit meeting last July. The unwelcome one: the New York *Times's* Harrison Salisbury, 47, whom some in the U.S. found too uncritical during his 1949-54 sojourn in Russia, but whom the Russians found "slanderous" in the Pulitzer Prizewinning series he wrote after he left.

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ART

Impermanent Invasion

Londoners, who have long since succumbed to U.S. jazz, slang, movies and musical comedies, gave a less hospitable reception last week to modern U.S. art. On view at London's Tate Gallery were 209 paintings, sculptures and prints selected by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art as a sequel to its big Paris show (TIME, April 18). London critics in general frankly admitted that they found the experience "disquieting" and even "nightmarish." Decided the *London Observer*: "Most of these artists seem to reflect the character of a continent at once inquiring, energetic, assertive, and ill at ease."

The trouble was not in such modern old masters as Max Weber, the late Lyonel Feininger (see *MILESTONES*) and Marsden Hartley, who to British eyes were only American reflections of European trends. And in Edward Hopper's lonely city scenes and George Bellows' *Dempsey and Firpo*, the *Sunday Times* found "the real rude stuff of native American art." The pained cries of angry outrage were provoked by the abstract expressionists.

As far as the *Daily Telegraph* was concerned, the abstract paintings of Jackson Pollock, Cly福德 Still and Robert Motherwell "bominate in a void. Nothing is communicated beyond an apparently fortuitous anarchy of pigmentation." "An air of impermanence," said the *Observer*. The arch-conservative London *Times* conceded that the abstract-expressionist movement is the "one development in American art . . . [that] has gained for the United States an influence upon European art which it has never exerted before." But as for the works themselves, the *Times* declared: "The large, uncompromising canvases . . . have a monumental impermanence, show a defiance of Art and a kind of strange anonymity. They should be given the favorite American word of 'projects,' and seem intended for abandonment as the frontier advances, for are they not shock troops in the American invasion of painting?"

Art from Nature

"The great difficulty of my whole career as a painter is that what I love most . . . holds little of interest for most people . . . I love the approach of winter, the retreat of winter, the change from snow to rain and vice versa, the decay of vegetation and the resurgence of plant life in the spring. These to me are exciting and beautiful, an endless panorama of beauty and drama, but . . . the mass of humanity remains either bored and indifferent or actually hostile."

Thus Painter Charles Burchfield confided to his journal the self-doubts that have tormented him throughout his career. Last week Manhattan's Whitney Museum gave convincing proof of just how wrong Watercolorist Burchfield could be. The museum's major retrospective showing of 114 Burchfield paintings and sketches rated a resounding critics' salute and established

him, at 62, as the greatest living U.S. watercolorist.

Hobgoblin Mood. Burchfield's love for nature grew naturally out of his boyhood in Salem, Ohio. The woods, fields and swamps on Salem's outskirts were his favorite refuge, where he found a private world overlaid with hobgoblin moods, hints of dark, mysterious forces and occasional lyrical sunbursts of delight. But his first struggling attempts to set down this world of nature met with little popular success. Ever self-doubting, Burchfield decided to turn to realistic paintings of the world of man.

Burchfield discovered the scenes that first made him famous in the back streets and industrial areas of Buffalo, where he took a job as a wallpaper designer, worked on art in his spare hours. By the time he decided to devote himself full time to his art, his realistic scenes of grain train yards, black iron drawbridges,

rows of workers' unpainted houses had put him in the forefront of the American Scene painters of the 1930s. But as one critic quipped, Burchfield, with his prevailing gloomy mood (see cut above), seemed too often like Painter Edward Hopper on a rainy day.

It was not until 1943 that Burchfield began to find his way home again. One day, while mounting work from his Ohio

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



"HOUSE OF MYSTERY" (1924)

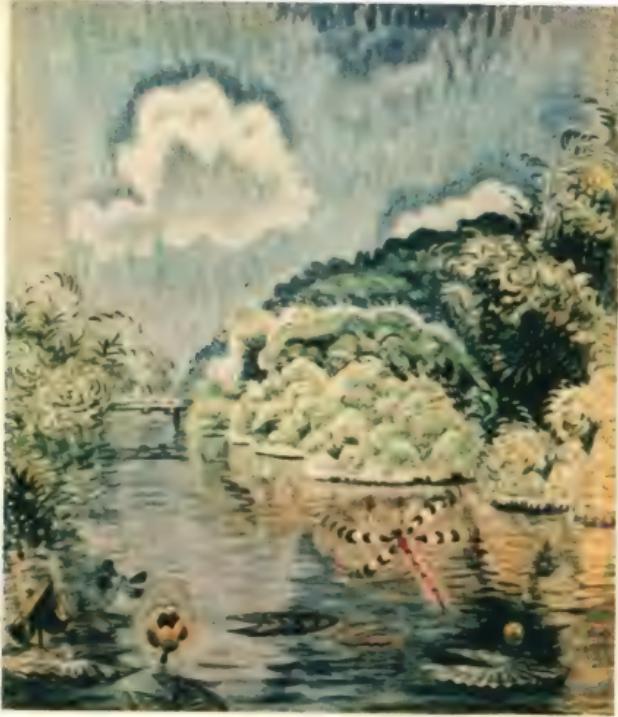
days, Burchfield suddenly decided to use his early sketches as a starting point, expand them in his old lyric style. The attempt, he wrote, released "a long-pent-up subconscious yearning to do fanciful things, and once started, it seemed to sweep onward like a flooded stream; there was no stopping it." An example of Burchfield's new-found freedom is *Summer Afternoon* (opposite), started as a sketch in 1917 and completed as a watercolor in 1948. The finished scene shows Little Beaver Creek, Burchfield's boyhood swimming hole, capturing with almost Van Gogh-like intensity his own feeling of "the ineffable peace of a quiet summer day in those far-off times. All things seem to look at and yearn toward the sun."

Final Harvest. Recently, Burchfield has thrown off his former dependency on his early sketches, found his inspiration directly in nature. One of his best is *Oncoming Spring* (opposite), a triumphal rendering of a theme that had been germinating in his mind since 1915. In a rapturous letter Burchfield described the final harvest: "Hardly had I set up my easel when a thunderstorm came up. I decided nothing was going to stop my painting, and hurriedly got my huge beach umbrella and my raincoat. I protected my legs with a portfolio, the wind holding it in place. And so I painted with my nose almost on the paper, with thunder crashing, boughs breaking and rain falling in torrents. A glorious few hours when I seemed to become part of the elements. When I was done at late afternoon, the picture was complete. It seemed as if it had materialized under its own power."

TOWN & COUNTRY



PAINTER BURCHFIELD

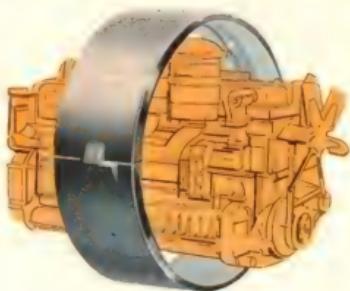


BURCHFIELD'S "SUMMER AFTERNOON" (1917/1948)

"ONCOMING SPRING" (1954)



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SPORT

Bethlehem's Champ

For all the slapstick and clowning that has wrecked professional wrestling, the honest amateur variety still has its loyal fans. Probably the No. 1 wrestling town in the U.S. is Bethlehem, Pa. (pop. 66,340), home of Lehigh University. Probably the U.S.'s No. 1 wrestler: National Champion (147-lb. class) Edward ("Ike") Eichelberger, captain of Lehigh's wrestling team.

Whenever Lehigh wrestlers travel out of town, half of Bethlehem huddles over its radios to get a hold-by-hold report. When the Engineers take on a visiting team, home-town rooters pack the house. Last week, when Ike and his teammates wrestled with Penn State, some 3,300 fans elbowed their way into Lehigh's Grace Hall, and not until the champ had pinned his man with a reverse chancery and body press did the town relax. Saddened by Lehigh's team loss, 17-13, John Pappajohn, 59, a local shoemaker and undisputed dean of Bethlehem wrestling buffs, took his consolation from Ike's victory. "He wrestle Turkish method," said grey-mustachioed Pappajohn, remembering his own youth in Turkey. "That cross body ride, that is Turkish method."

Only four summers ago, Ike Eichelberger was a skinny youngster who knew little about Turkish or any other methods. Along with a crowd of other high-school hopefuls, he appeared at Lehigh for a week-long wrestling clinic. Coach Gerald Leeman worked hard with him, and helped Ike to get a scholarship (which Ike keeps by holding his engineering grades up to a commendable B-minus). Today the 5 ft. 7 in. champ weighs close to 150 lbs.

Ike has succeeded thanks to his cat-quick reflexes and a natural athletic gift that makes him a success at almost any game he tries (he took a crack at soccer for the first time in his life as a Lehigh freshman, made the Lehigh varsity the next year). On the mat a wrestler is on his own. There are no teammates to pitch in, no one to call plays, no coach to take him out when he gets tired. Stop-watch-clicking scorers keep track of every move, referees award points on a complicated but precise system of scoring. During four years in this tough game, Ike has run up a record of 34 falls, 14 decisions, one draw, and has lost only three times. In next May's tryouts, he will have an excellent chance of making the U.S. Olympic squad.

This sort of record is not set by brawn alone; in Ike Eichelberger's case it goes with an almost evangelical fervor about athletics—and an athletic fervor about evangelism. "A lot of people don't understand how an athlete feels about religion," says Ike. "They think you sometimes are asking God to help you win, and they misunderstand. It's not like that really. I feel that everything I do is for Him, and that includes wrestling." When a Beth-



Don Hunt

LEHIGH'S EICHELBERGER (WITH HEADGUARD) IN ACTION AGAINST PENN STATE
Remember Galatians 6:14.

lehem fan asks Ike for his autograph, he follows his signature with the words, *Galatians 6:14* ("But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ . . .").

The Tar Baby

The sad-faced, spindly little Negro boy was broke, cold and hungry that winter day in Boston in 1902. He did not even know how old he was (he guessed maybe 16), but he knew well enough why he and his dog had run away from their Weymouth, Nova Scotia home. "My pa was always kickin' me," explained young Sam



WELTERWEIGHT LANGFORD (1910)
"Don't nobody feel sorry for old Sam."

Langford. Lost in some giant's castoff overcoat, he looked so woebegone that a fight manager named Joe Woodman gave him a job sweeping up at the old Lenox Athletic Club.

Just Point Me Straight. That is how Sam Langford got mixed up with boxing; he lived with it all the rest of his life. When he began to eat regularly, Sam put on weight. Soon he was strong enough to ask Woodman to get him a fight. By the next winter, he was good enough to whip Lightweight Champion Joe Gans (who kept the title because Sam had weighed in 8 oz. over the limit). By the time he was 18, "the Boston Tar Baby" was so good that he could beat almost anyone who would give him a bout. In 1906, weighing only 146, he tackled future Heavyweight Champion Jack Johnson (195 lbs.). Only the bell saved Johnson from a fifth-round knockout; only a dubious decision saved him the fight. Afterwards, big Jack would never fight Sam again.

In more than 600 fights the Boston Tar Baby hammered out his living with his fists. Stanley Ketchel, Harry Wills, Gunboat Smith—Sam held his own with them all. Even after an unlucky punch cost him the sight of one eye and cataracts dimmed the other, Sam fought on. In Mexico City, in 1923, he had to say to his seconds, "Just point me straight at him," before he could shuffle across the ring toward his opponent and lash out wildly to win the heavyweight championship of Mexico.

Mostly the Harlem Diet. Operations helped his eyesight twice, and then he went blind for good. Soon he was as broke as the day he wandered into the Lenox Athletic Club. Whenever he could cadge the price of a meal, he always filled his pockets with restaurant toothpicks. "Most of the time I'm on the Harlem diet now," he explained. "When I'm hungry and I ain't got the price of a feed, I drink a glass of water and pick my teeth. Then I use my imagination."

In 1944 New York Herald Tribune



All I could do was pray

(Based on Company File #HO-189KAL6133)

Peggy and I were driving East to attend our son's wedding. As we were moving briskly along, a car up ahead suddenly stopped.

I tried desperately to avoid the crash. But there just wasn't any escape. We were in a three-car smashup.

It was 25 miles to the nearest hospital. One ambulance couldn't take us all. Peg and several others were brought in by a local volunteer firemen's ambulance-rescue unit.

One of the rescue team stopped by the next day to see how we were. Our car, he told us, had been towed to a garage. Our luggage was in safe hands. Would we like any of our things? He'd be glad to bring them over.

When he also offered to contact our insurance man back home in Nebraska I learned this new friend was the local Hartford Agent. Call it coincidence if you like—we were insured with the Hartford!

That's how we found out that the Hartford promise of "hometown service—anywhere" is no empty boast. For that Hartford man, who'd

never heard of me until the day before, stepped right in and took care of all my problems.

He notified my own agent and the nearest Hartford Claim Office. He made out accident reports. Looked into police charges against me. Cleared bail bond matters . . . filled in financial responsibility forms . . . checked with witnesses . . . obtained repair estimates on my car.

When you're hurt and in trouble—as we were—it means a lot to have so many worries taken off your hands! In fact, I feel this service was as valuable as the payment of our \$300 medical bill by the Medical Payments feature of our Hartford Automobile Insurance.

You can see why my advice to anyone buying automobile insurance is this: *Put yourself in line for the same kind of help if it's ever needed, near home or away from home. See your Hartford Agent now—or tell your insurance broker that you want Hartford protection when your renewals come up.*

Sportswriter Al Laney found Sam lonely and starving in a dismal Harlem flat. Laney's story about the great old fighter brought more than \$9,000 in gifts, which gave Sam an income of \$49.13 a month. He managed to get along.

"Don't nobody need to feel sorry for old Sam," he said. "I had plenty of good times. I been all over the world. I fought maybe five, six fights, and every one was a pleasure." When he died in a Cambridge nursing home last week (by then, Sam figured he was 76), the Tar Baby's pockets were as empty as ever, and his long record was almost empty of titles. But men who had seen Sam Langford fight still ranked him right up with the best.

Scoreboard

¶ Only eight days after she lowered the women's 440-yd., free-style swimming record to 5:07, Australia's Lorraine Crapp, 17, put on her "old lucky swim suit" (the frayed shoulder straps held together with



International

SWIMMER CRAPP
Hold together with string.

a piece of string) and competed against the clock in a Sydney salt-water pool. Result: a new world's record for the 880-yd. free-style: 10:36.4. On the way, she churned past the 800-meter flags in a record-breaking 10:30.9.

¶ Horses once owned by the late sportsman William Woodward Jr., continued to sell for astonishing prices. After buying 39 of the Belair Stud thoroughbreds for \$410,000, Miss Mildred Woolwine and her partners resold the lot at Keeneland, Ky., for a 125% profit. With Segula, dam of Nashua, bringing a record auction price for a U.S. broodmare (\$126,000), Kentucky Horsewoman Woolwine and her friends collected a total of \$924,100. Nashua's sire, Nasrullah, also proved that he was worth a pretty penny. A syndicate headed by Kentucky's Thoroughbred Breeder A. B. ("Bull") Hancock paid the Belair Stud estate \$251,100 for a slim one-seventh share of the great stallion's services, a price that estimates Nasrullah's total value at \$1,757,700.

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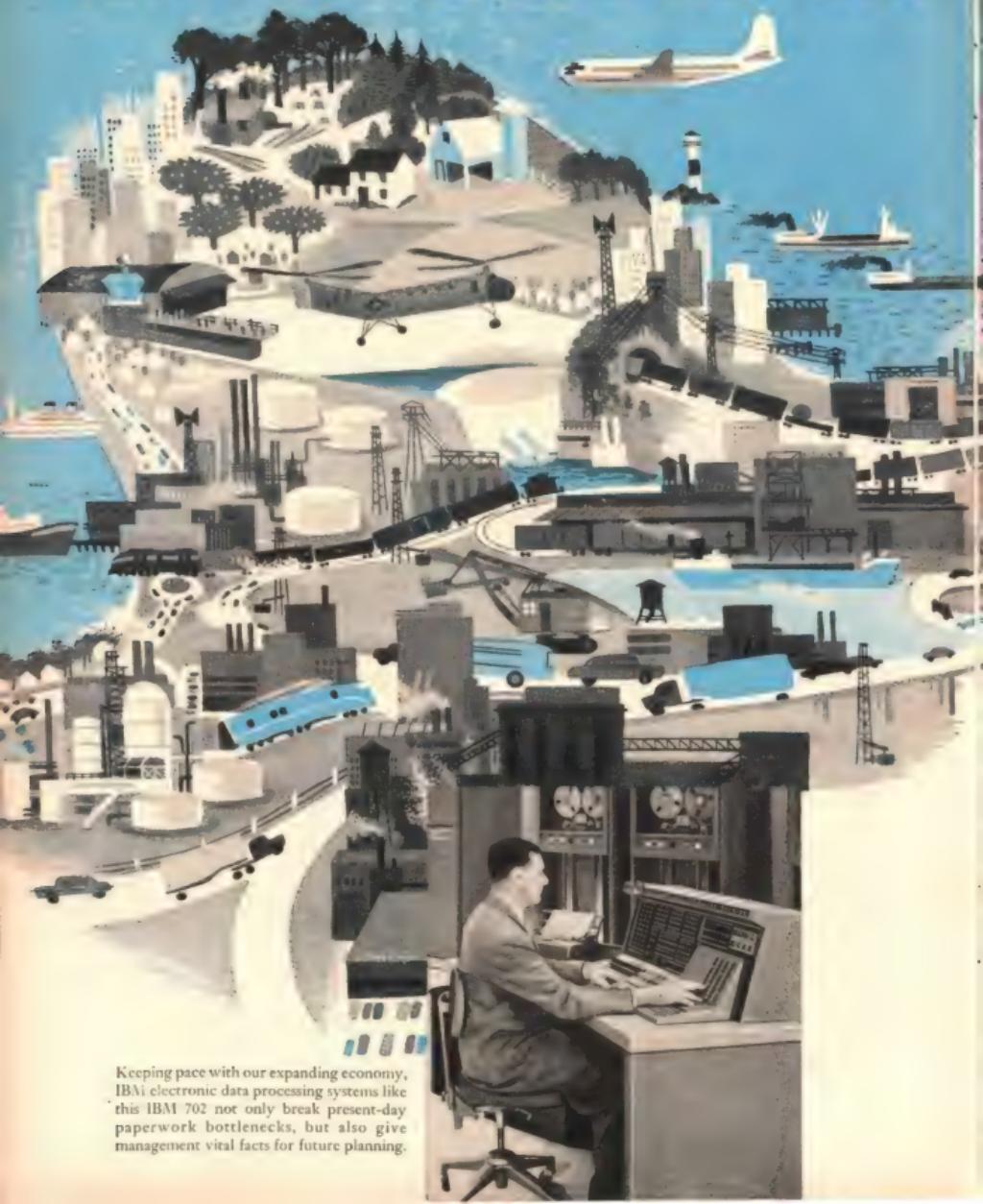
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**DATA
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THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

King Lear. For his return to the U.S. stage after nine years abroad, Orson Welles chose a tragedy as theatrically challenging as it is tremendous. His King is every inch a showman. His *Lear* is often pictorially brilliant. But it is hardly, on Shakespeare's terms, *Lear*; nor, even on Welles's terms, successful.

With its striding rages and vivid madness, Welles's *Lear* scarcely buttressed the widespread belief that the part is unactable; even with an injured ankle, Welles was never a mere "old gentleman tottering about with a walking stick." But both as



MORTIMER HOPKINS

ORSON WELLES

The noise sounded like breaking bones. actor and director. Welles slighted Lear's character and *Lear's* significance, did far too little with Shakespeare's poetry. Any number of moments lacked their sovereign power to move—and not least from scanting Shakespeare's sovereign powers of language.

Welles gave *Lear* not character but personality. The quest for effect outlawed inwardness; the thirst for size defeated stature. And the City Center cast had neither Shakespearean style nor personal distinction.

By the second night of *Lear's* run, Orson Welles was completely crippled. Having broken his left ankle just before the opening, he sprained the right one immediately after it. Despite poor notices, Manhattan's City Center was packed when the second-night curtain rang up and Welles was rolled out in a wheelchair, one foot encased in a plaster cast, the other swathed in bandages. At 40, and weighing 260 lbs., the heavy-jowled "boy wonder" no longer looked like a precocious cherub, but he quickly demonstrated that he had not lost his showmanship.

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that *Lear* could not go on but that Welles would, he apologized for looking more like "the man who came to dinner" than a tormented monarch. He candidly confessed that since the City Center was a nonprofit cultural organization that needed the money, he had "come out to discourage a stampede to the box office." Only a few hundred of an estimated 2,800 present asked for refunds. The rest settled back for *An Evening with Orson Welles*.

Answering questions from the audience, Welles said that "deep down, all actors believe the bad things critics say about them," admitted that on opening night something had happened to him halfway through the play for the first time in his life that he had always "despised" in other actors: "I really believed the play. I was playing the part of a man who went mad and I was mad. I thought I was getting better and better. But I was so seized with it that I ceased to communicate with the audience."

Welles vowed that he would play out the run of *Lear*, "if they have to swing me over the stage with wire." Then he agreed to an audience request that he tell the story of *Lear*, acting the King's part. He interrupted his little concert only once -- to apologize for having made a mistake in the text. "I'm terribly nervous," he said, "but I know why I made that mistake." Then he said to someone in the first row center: "Please don't take pictures. That clicking noise sounds like the breaking of bones."

Welles finished the week playing *Lear* to a full house. He was dressed and made up for the part, but did it all from his wheelchair. The audience loved it.

Porgy in Moscow

Leningrad cheered *Porgy and Bess* (TIME, Jan. 9), but nobody could predict how Moscow, with its love of grand opera in the grand manner, would take to the jazzy American folk opera about crapshooters along Catfish Row. By opening night last week, it was plain that Muscovites were at least curious to see the first U.S. theatrical troupe ever to visit Russia. Tens of thousands had applied for seats. Immense crowds swarmed around the Stanislavsky Theater hoping to get a spare ticket. A lucky 1,500 Soviet bigwigs, foreign diplomats and Russian first-nighters crammed into the theater to see an all-Negro cast do the show of the '30s.

By evening's end, it was plain that *Porgy* was effectively spreading good will for the U.S. Thirteen times during the opera about life on the waterfront in Charleston, S.C., the Russian audience burst into frenzied applause. As the lights went up, many in the audience had tear-stained faces. Shouting and stamping their feet, the crowd gave the cast an 83-minute ovation. The second night the nation's top leaders—Khrushchev, Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich, Mikoyan—were on hand, staying through a couple of curtain calls and applauding vigorously. Gasped the artistic director of Moscow's Mayakovsky Theater: "What a tempo! What rhythm!"

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Notes of Caution

Some quiet notes of caution slipped into the sweet, purring music of U.S. prosperity last week.

One came from Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr., who was anxiously watching the zooming expenditures for plant expansion, increasing business inventories, the high levels of mortgage and retail credit—all potential inflationary spots in 1956's economy. Yet, said he, there are still some businessmen clamoring for fewer Government credit controls every time "sales do not exceed expectations or fail to set a record." For 1956 the need was for tighter, not looser reins on inflation through the FRB's checks on bank reserves and interest rates. Said Martin: "If it were possible to have good times without controls, then we could go along without change. It is the duty of the Federal Reserve to see that money [is] our servant, not our master."

Another cautionary note came from the automakers, whose production race led 1955's spectacular economy. Traveling to New York to settle final details of the sale of Ford stock, Henry Ford II warned both professionals and amateurs not to expect a surefire bonanza when 10.2 million shares of the stock go on sale Jan. 18.

Said he: "I think some people are indulging in wishful thinking about their chances for fast and fabulous gains. We are businessmen, not miracle men. Of one thing I am reasonably sure: 1956 will not be as good a year as 1955." General Motors' President Harlow H. Curtice, in Manhattan to open G.M.'s 10th Motorama, agreed: while "1956 will be profitable for everyone willing to work to make it profitable," it will inevitably be "the second-best production and sales year in the history of our industry."

As if to drive the warnings home, auto plants around the U.S. were gradually reacting to the slower sales and resultant pile-up of 1956 models. At Ford, G.M. and Chrysler last week, production was cut as much as 10% on some models, and 14,000 workers were laid off the job.

LABOR

Trouble in the Streets

A speeding car loaded with workers headed toward a mass of cursing, shouting men blocking the entrance to the Westinghouse lamp plant in Bloomfield, N.J., one morning last week. The car plowed through, knocking down a picket and two policemen. In nearby Edison, N.J., four men were injured as they tried to halt cars driving into the local Westinghouse plant. In Sharon, Pa., bricks flew cars

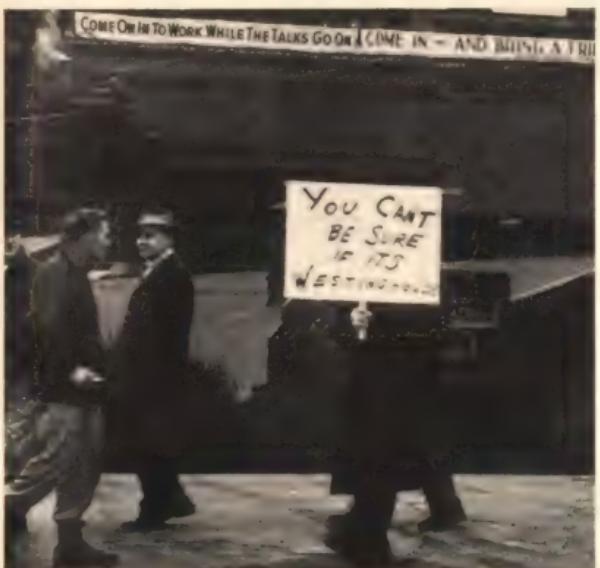
were damaged, and some pickets were hauled off to jail.

Day and night, in 21 U.S. cities and towns where Westinghouse has plants, the same sullen violence or threat of it darkened factories, stultified business, saddened homes, and all too often brought ambulances clanging through the streets. In a final, convulsive effort to end the strife, the mayors (or their representatives) of 15 cities with struck plants gathered in Pittsburgh one morning to propose a solution. But their efforts proved as futile as the efforts of many before them, including ten Senators, three governors, a handful of clergymen, and the full force of the Federal Mediation Service. Said Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell: "[It is] the outstanding failure of collective bargaining in 1955."

Cold as Tombs. The bitterest strike of recent times had lasted 13 weeks, the longest major strike since 1950. Some 50,000 of Westinghouse's 116,000 employees were out, and almost half of the company's 98 plants (e.g., those producing atomic reactors, electronic tubes, air conditioners) sat as cold and motionless as tombs. At most, 4,500 of the strikers had crossed the picket lines and gone back to work.

The situation was a far cry from the day only three years ago, when James B. Carey, the slight but tough president of the 162,000-member International Union of Electrical Workers, stood proudly beside Westinghouse's President Gwilym A. Price at his union's convention and proclaimed: "We've found a way to sit down, discuss, argue, and then resolve differences in the truly American spirit of give and take." Now, Carey accuses Price and his company of "moral irresponsibility, economic depravity, scab-herding, contract-breaking"; in return, Price accuses Carey and his union of "gangsterism, deliberate planned violence." While strike lines have swollen, the two negotiating teams have met only three times in the last two weeks, only to break up quickly, once with Westinghouse spokesmen storming out and accusing the union conferees of "foul and abusive language."

One v. Five. The strike began on Oct. 17, when a deadlock at the bargaining table erupted into the streets and onto the picket lines. The union insisted on a one-year contract with a 15¢ hourly wage hike. To meet competition and provide for long-range planning, Westinghouse demanded a five-year contract, with yearly raises amounting to 23.5¢ an hour by 1961—terms similar to but not identical with those agreed upon by the union and General Electric. But there was a deeper issue. Westinghouse is trying to put through a company-wide, time-study program aimed at increasing production efficiency and regaining the company's competitive position (its profits fell 30% in the first nine months of 1955). The union fears that such a study will result in a loss of jobs



Francis Miller—Life

STRIKERS PICKETING WESTINGHOUSE PLANT
Darkened factories, saddened homes, and ambulances in the streets.

TIME CLOCK

(there has been a 25% cutback in jobs at one plant since 1951). It has asked for "satisfactory ground rules" to control the studies but hard-pressed Westinghouse refused on the ground that it had to have a free hand to manage as it saw fit. In essence, both sides are fighting over security.

By now, the long battle has begun to tell on the rivals. The workers are losing more than \$900,000 daily in wages, according to the company; the union is spending \$250,000 a week in strike benefits. The company has lost over \$300 million in sales, according to the union; some executives are drawing half pay, and 40,000 employees on the job are obliged to lay off as often as two weeks a month.

Secret Meeting. Costly as it has been, the strike's misery has so far been generally confined to those directly involved. Sticking to its policy of nonintervention in collective bargaining, the Administration served notice last week that the two sides must settle it between them.

By week's end, there was slight sign of letup. The union and the company sent one man each to a secret meeting in Philadelphia with Federal Mediator John Murray. The meeting, however, was called less to bargain collectively than to set up rules for further meetings. Said Mediator Murray: "The strike couldn't be settled in anything less than two weeks." While they waited, men in the picket lines heaped up more stones, stirred their chilled feet, and chanted in derisive mockery of Westinghouse's advertising slogan, "You can't be sure if it's Westinghouse."

REAL ESTATE

Roman Candles

Real-Estate Promoter William Zeckendorf, whose plans shoot out as fast and colorfully as flaming goblets from a Roman candle, moved into Dallas last week and popped an idea that had even Texans agape. He announced that his Manhattan realty firm of Webb & Knapp and a group of well-heeled oilmen are in the process of acquiring 5,000 acres of choice land between Dallas and Fort Worth for \$10 million. Their plan: to turn the land into the world's biggest "industrial park," a roaring "prairie boom town" where 100,000 people would work in a \$300 million complex of aircraft, electronics, food-processing and packaging plants, with an annual payroll of \$500 million. The details and timing were still undecided, said Zeckendorf grandly, but he and his backers had already plunked down \$500,000 as down payment on half the land, hoped to start building this year.

Back in Manhattan, one of Promoter Zeckendorf's earlier colossal deals fizzled, proved to be only damp punk, but he promptly shot out another to replace it. A plan for a grandiosus \$130 million "Palace of Progress" over Pennsylvania Station has been dropped, he said (the foun-

NEW COKE FLAVORS may be in the works. Coca-Cola President William E. Robinson concedes that the world's biggest soft-drink company is a one-product outfit "in a sea of multiproduct enterprises," and that his chemists are tinkering with other flavors. While 1955 sales topped all records, with profits of \$28 million, Coke's rate of gain in the booming home market was less than half the industry's overall increase.

DISCOUNT HOUSES, now grossing some \$7 billion annually, are taking on the trappings as well as the sales of big business. To raise cash for more expansion, New York's fast-growing E. J. Korvette Inc. (eight stores in the metropolitan area, two others abuilding or planned) floated its first public stock issue with 220,000 shares (par value, \$1; asking price, \$10) of common stock, sold it out to eager investors as soon as the news hit Wall Street.

DECEIVING DEBTORS in order to make them pay up has been ruled out for businessmen by the Federal Trade Commission. In a case involving a Washington company that supplied forms to collection agencies and merchants, FTC found that the company was tricking debtors into giving information on salaries, jobs, etc. by creating the false impression that it was wanted by the U.S. Government or for a consumer survey. Said FTC: "Two wrongs do not make a right. The stability of business cannot be sustained by falsehood."

APPLIANCE SALES will break all records in 1956, says Bernard A. Chapman, general manager of American Motors' Kelvinator Division. Though the rate of increase may taper off, the market is still so strong that the industry will sell 15,755,000 "major appliance" (refrigerators, freezers, air conditioners, etc.) next year, a 6% increase over 1955.

RKO PICTURES, originally bought by General Tire & Rubber Co.'s Tele-radio subsidiary for its film backlog

dations alone, it developed, would cost another \$45 million). But now he hopes to build an even bigger project on Manhattan's West Side. This time, the idea is to redevelop 40 acres between Pennsylvania Station and the Hudson River, create a \$300 million-\$500 million city of the future, with a vast merchandise mart, a permanent World's Fair, a parking lot for 20,000 cars, and a 1,750-foot "Freedom Tower" for, as Zeckendorf put it, "defense observation and other activities." With a target date of 1960, Zeckendorf announced that New York Central Chairman Robert R. Young had offered to help out with the financing and that he had also asked the Pennsylvania Railroad to share in the deal. But said Zeckendorf confidently, "If they don't want to come in, we can go on without them."

(TIME, Aug. 1), will swing back into full operation as a major moviemaker. After virtually shutting down under Industrialist Howard Hughes, RKO will start off with a \$22.5 million budget for eleven films (among them: *Cash McCall*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *The Syndicate*) in the first six months of 1956 alone.

SMALL BUSINESS troubles have the Senate Small Business Committee worried. Though many small businessmen are doing better in personal income than their profit figures show, the committee has drawn up a unanimous report calling attention to the fact that small businessmen with less than \$250,000 assets made only a 1% profit per \$1 of sales in the first half of 1955 v. 7.2% per \$1 of sales for big companies. Furthermore, says the committee, business failures are now up to 42 per 10,000 firms, 68% more than the ten-year postwar average, with the majority of them among small businesses.

BANKING BATTLE is shaping up between Transamerica Corp., which once controlled the giant Bank of America and one-time Federal Reserve Chairman Marriner Eccles' First Security Corp. of Salt Lake City (resources: \$400 million). To give Eccles some competition, Transamerica has spent an estimated \$20,000,000 for three banks and four branches (total assets: \$44 million) in Idaho, is expected to move into Eccles' own stronghold of Utah.

COMPETITIVE BIDDING for defense contracts will increase, if House Armed Services Chairman Carl Vinson has his way. After a 30-month study showed that 94% of all contracts were negotiated, Vinson introduced a bill to hold down negotiated deals in peacetime, may propose an amendment that would peg the total no higher than 50%. One example that influenced Vinson: a 1955 negotiated contract for Air Force rocket launchers originally set the price at \$32.62 apiece; competitive bids later brought the cost down to \$20.47.

RAILROADS Are Presidents Necessary?

When the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad's *Patriot* rattled into Boston two hours and 31 minutes late from Washington one night last week, the railroad might have counted it as just one more routine Late Arrival. But as luck had it, one of the irate passengers was Massachusetts' Republican Representative John W. Heselton. Fuming at what he called New Haven President Patrick McGinnis' "public-be-damned policy," Heselton announced that he will ask Congress to fix "civil or criminal penalties" for railroaders who cannot run their trains on time.

For Railroader McGinnis, it was only the beginning of another bad week. While waiting for an overdue train to Manhattan, a group of Madison Avenue admen

HOW EXECUTIVES RELAX

The Choice: Slow Down or Blow Up

SINCE Theodore Roosevelt urged Americans to "work hard and play hard," the pace of U.S. business life has accelerated so furiously that most executives find it difficult to slow down under any circumstances. U.S. businessmen not only work harder than those of any other nation; medical records suggest that they also die oftener and younger from physical disorders caused by the trip-hammer pressures of competition. More than half the businessmen who come in for checkups at Boston's famed Lahey Clinic are so keyed up that they must be warned to slow down or face heart disease, ulcers, colitis and high blood pressure. Of 1,000 executives examined at Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital in a two-year period, 30% were found to have "abnormal physical conditions," serious enough to affect their working efficiency and endanger their health.

"All of us are constantly running into situations that cause dozens of reactions which tend to shorten our lives," said Russell L. Moberly, director of Marquette University's Management Center, at a recent conference on executive health. There is but one remedy: "The art of relaxing."

Most U.S. executives, particularly since the President's heart attack, are uneasily aware of the mental and physical effects of overstrain. However, when they think of relaxation, the majority think in terms of strenuous, competitive recreation, such as golf. But the trouble with such sports is that businessmen tend to overexert and fret over their performance. And in recent years the golf course has become a kind of office with trees, where businessmen are as intent on arranging ways of raising their incomes as on lowering their scores. Says Norman Livermore Jr., California lumber-firm executive and one-time athlete: "The great appeal of sports like golf, tennis and skeetshooting is that you can mark down your score on a card and have something to show for your time. But if you feel that way, you don't know too much about relaxation."

Lumberman Livermore unwinds on ski and pack trips in the Sierras each year, and, like him, the best-relaxed men turn to noncompetitive activities—fishing, swimming, horseback riding, birdwatching. Atlanta's Mayor William B. Hartsfield is a spare-time rock-bound (amateur geologist). Delta Air Lines President C. E. Woolman raises \$100-a-plant pedigree orchids. World Publishing Co. President Benjamin D. Zevin finds lawn-mowing relaxing be-

cause "I know there's a hired man to do it if I don't want to."

Many executives find that fresh air helps them to relax. Chrysler Corp. President L. L. ("Tex") Colbert religiously takes a long (1½ to 4-mile) walk every evening, says his mind is "anywhere but on business." Industrial Designer William Snaith of Manhattan's Raymond Loewy Associates, who sails a 47½-ft. yawl in his spare time, says: "Any activity that reunites us with elemental natural forces brings back the living, breathing human being in us."

For many executives, however, the problem of relaxation is less a matter of physical exertion than the art of switching mental energy from office problems to equally absorbing outside diversions. "It's a question of substituting one set of problems for another," says Dr. Paul A. Krueger, development director for a St. Louis chemical company, who sloughs off business worries after hours as a city councilman in suburban Ferguson, Mo. More and more businessmen are finding painting an outlet for nervous energy. Eight Manhattan executives play in their own dance band. Across the U.S., businessmen's pastimes range from astronomy to zither playing, but they serve their purpose only when they consistently keep the mind away from moneymaking.

Businessmen are realizing also that relaxation cannot be limited to weekends and vacations, but must also extend to conscious conserving of energy on the job itself. CBS President Frank Stanton works a seven-day week, often ten hours a day, but he stays in top form by cat-napping whenever he has a spare moment. Other executives get away from work during working hours by lunching alone, taking brief strolls, reading a chapter of a book.

The fact is, however, that U.S. businessmen who know how to relax, and are wise enough to do it in time, are in the minority. The problem of physical and mental erosion in the top executive levels of business has grown so serious that more and more U.S. companies have begun to subject executives to rigorous annual or semiannual checkups, let them take vacations every quarter instead of once a year. In the obituary columns, the insurance-company graphs, and in the companies' own performances, the results show: the most valuable and most successful men in U.S. business are the ones who have taught themselves to slow down before they blow up.

invented an essay contest on how New Haven commuters feel about the railroad. Prizes would be awarded to the Connecticut commuters who provide the best endings to such sentences as "When I arrived in my office a few minutes before lunch, my boss . . ." or "We're thinking of moving back to Long Island because . . ." First prize: \$50. Consolation prize: a share of New Haven stock.

But the hardest blow was struck at McGinnis by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Ever since a McGinnis group won control of the Boston & Maine Railroad last April, the B. & M. president's chair has been empty, and McGinnis aspired to fill it, as he does the presidency of the New Haven. When he failed to show up before ICC Examiner Homer T. Kirby to push his application, his lawyer explained that he was busy 24 hours a day personally dealing with the New Haven's problems. Asked Examiner Kirby: "If Mr. McGinnis spends all his waking and sleeping hours running the New Haven, how can he possibly run the Boston & Maine, too?"

The lawyer's answer was to withdraw the application, and at week's end it seemed that McGinnis would have no second chance to head the Boston & Maine. Was McGinnis really necessary? In its nine months without a president, the Boston & Maine ran on time, improved its commuter service, picked up new freight business and clicked along from a \$2,745,000 deficit to a \$2,352,000 profit.

MANAGEMENT Case of the Missing Funds

The Newark neighbors of Brewery Cashier George J. Brueckner wondered how, on take-home pay of \$87 weekly, he managed to own two cars, keep a daughter in college, and plunk down \$23,000 in cash for a house. The answer: he withheld receipts sent to the brewery to perfect his own "unbeatable" system of betting on the horses, but contrived to balance the company books at the end of each month. Finally, the shortage reached \$125,000 and Brueckner could cover up no more. He confessed, and was sentenced to prison for embezzlement.

With as many variations as victims involved, the case of George Brueckner was repeated thousands of times in U.S. businesses last year. After totting up all the figures, Baltimore's Fidelity and Deposit Co., the nation's No. 1 holder of business employees, estimated last week that during 1955 businesses lost some \$500 million from employee embezzlement—almost as much as they lost by fire.

Not always is the embezzler an underworld trying to pad out a slim paycheck. When the president of Chicago's Mid-American Steel Warehouse saw his profits slumping deeper and deeper, he decided to make one final effort to save his business. To bring in new working capital he took more than \$100,000 and went on a gambling expedition to Las Vegas. Mid-American went bankrupt anyway.

And in Seattle, even automation was



The executive nap! Good idea or bad?

Forty winks after lunch is probably a good thing for a busy business executive. But being lulled to sleep by the safe look of a record safe that isn't safe is something else again.

It's the kind of executive nap that can put a firm out of business.

As a matter of fact, 43 out of 100 firms that lose their accounts receivable and other business records in a fire never reopen. In most cases,

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In many cases, that same executive thought a fireproof building was sure-fire protection. He didn't know it just walls-in an office fire, makes it hotter. Nor did he remember that in order to collect fully on a fire insurance policy, proof-of-loss must

be supplied within sixty days. Wake up to the risk you're taking. Make **SURE** you preserve your records . . . by getting the world's best protection, a modern Mosler "A" Label Record Safe. Find out about it, now. Call your Mosler dealer, or mail coupon for a catalog and a free copy of our new booklet, "What You Should Know About Office Safes." It's an eye-opener.



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just one-half the size of ordinary forced air heating units of comparable capacity.

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Unstretched photos show what happens to ordinary furnace heat exchangers after just ONE hour's exposure to a temperature of 1600°F.



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Vertical
turbine pumps



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oil well casing



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Pressure vessels,
heat exchangers,
glass-lined smoke stacks



Gasoline dispensers,
liquid meters



Welding machines,
electrodes, accessories



Electric motors



Automobile
frames

blamed for embezzlement. Fearing that she might be put out of a job by the department's new automatic accounting machines, a traffic bureau clerk made off with incoming traffic fines to prove that the machines were not dependable. Accounting reports—machine-made—soon showed up a discrepancy in her accounts and trapped her.

AVIATION

Pegasus à la Française

At Paris' bustling Orly Airport last week, a bulletin board flashed departures to every corner of the globe—Casablanca, Mexico City, Prague, London, New York, Stockholm, Istanbul, Buenos Aires, Tokyo. All planes bore the winged sea-horse insignia of Air France, Europe's biggest and the world's longest airline. Frenchmen could claim with pride that it is also one of the world's most modern. Last week France's international airline was betting some \$14.3 million on a new jet fleet, the biggest outside the U.S. On order were twelve French-built twin-jet Caravelle transports for European runs, plus ten U.S. Boeing 707 intercontinental jet liners slated for 1959 service on the most competitive of all air routes, the rich North Atlantic run.

On its record, Air France should thrive on the competition. In the postwar scramble for business, Air France has fought its way up until it now flies 38% of the transatlantic traffic to Paris (some 300,000 passengers a year). Yet the North Atlantic is only a small fraction of Air France's booming business. With a fleet of 121 planes taking off at the rate of one every four minutes around the world, the line flies 156,000 miles of routes to 73 countries and territories, and is growing bigger by the year. In 1955 alone, it carried nearly 2,000,000 passengers, 20% more than in 1954, and brought in an income of more than \$130 million. \$43 million of it in foreign currency to help balance France's troublesome trade gap.

Goliath and the Bike-Racer. A descendant of the original French aeronauts who bounded from Paris to London in a converted 75-m.p.h. Farman "Goliath" bomber after World War I, Air France was formed in 1933 from five struggling companies. Frenchmen had already pioneered commercial routes through Europe and Africa, flown mail over South American jungles in convoys of three chattering airplanes in order, as one pilot put it, to be sure that "at least one would arrive." The Depression and cutthroat competition forced the small French lines to band together as Air France, 25% government-owned. By 1939 Air France was flying 40,420 miles of world routes. Then World War II smashed the line, wrecked its planes and scattered its personnel.

Air France's postwar comeback is largely the work of a burly Frenchman with a booming laugh and a bike-racer's stamina: Board Chairman Max Hymans, 55, a native Parisian who was successively an engineer, patent attorney, politician, and resistance leader before signing on as Free

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(Fourth of a series of informative columns on modern business air travel)



AIR FRANCE TRANSPORT AT AFRICAN AIRPORT
The main thing is to keep up to date.

France's wartime air-transport chief. He landed in France as soon as Paris was liberated, and by V-E day had Air France back in business. A year later, the line was flying 68 scheduled routes with DC-3s and other war-weary craft.

Chopsticks & Champagne. To expand and modernize the line, Hymans spent \$53 million on new Lockheed Constellations, Vickers Viscount turboprops, lumbering Breguet transports for 106-passenger coach flights. He and his operating chiefs are fanatics on safety, have suffered no fatal crashes since 1953. All Air France's first pilots are million-mile men, are paid up to \$15,400 a year (more than the President of the Republic). Every mechanic is winnowed through a special four-year course, gets three more years of on-the-job training.

Air France travelers are treated with true Gallic grace, and the stewards provide something for everybody—straw slippers and chopsticks on flights to Japan, kosher and Moslem diets for Near East travelers, fine and fattening French foods on the blue-ribbon routes. Last year alone, Air France served 500,000 bottles of wine afloat, including champagne, provided on request in lieu of breakfast orange juice on some de luxe runs.

Air France's biggest postwar achievement has been to open vast new areas of the world to the 20th century. Since 1945, Air France has laid out a network of 111 stops in West Africa, Equatorial Africa and Madagascar. Long-isolated areas such as Mauritania (pop. 793 whites, 545,000 natives), Lake Chad, the Cameroons, are now within 18 hours of Paris and do a fast-growing business in pineapples, cotton and beef, all flown out by Air France.

Ahead of the Future. The expansion is costly, and Air France still needs more than \$4,000,000 annual subsidy from the French government. Where U.S. overseas airlines shuttle back and forth as many as

6,000 times annually on generally shorter, high-density runs, Air France averages only 230 trips on its long routes. But with the new jet age of 600-m.p.h. flight, Chairman Hymans hopes to make the big planes on the rich runs pay the cost of the less active routes. Behind his desk in Paris, a huge world map has been repainted time and again to keep up with all the new routes, yet it is still out of date. Says Hymans: "The main thing is to keep Air France up to date. To keep ahead of competition in the air, you must keep ahead of the future."

GOVERNMENT

Lev Without Levity

By simultaneously subjecting English grammar and Senate rules to multiple fractures last spring, Capmaker Harry Lev left old Washington hands laughing hilariously as he comically told a Senate investigating subcommittee of showering Government procurement officers with gifts of smoked sturgeon, silk dresses and yacht parties (*TIME*, June 20). This week the subcommittee had the last laugh.

"Through bribery, collusion and connivance with Government contracting officials and inspectors," said the subcommittee in its official report on the hearings, Lev "delivered defective material to the armed forces and made improper profits at the expense of the Government. His testimony was evasive and in a large part obviously false and untrue. By his reprehensible, amoral conduct, he corrupted and induced Government officials to betray their public trust."

Specifically, the Government noted, Lev managed to grab and hold for himself a \$2,040,204.97 contract (for white sailor hats) the Navy wanted to split up, and apparently used \$213,924 to buy favors for Government officials. The Senate subcommittee turned its evidence "of fraud,



It doesn't fit!

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID recently about so-called "pirating" techniques used to lure industries to the South. This talk just doesn't fit the facts.

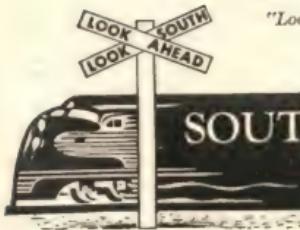
No doubt local enthusiasm has created situations that are not above reproach. But these are isolated instances—the exception and not the rule. And they are by no means confined to the South.

The industries that reputable industrial development agencies in the Southland are seeking—and getting—are not the fly-by-night variety, looking for something for nothing.

The industrial Southland of today offers plant-site seekers ample inducements of real merit without resorting to phony lures or unrealistic concessions of any kind.

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STOCKS AND BONDS



These Sheraton Men Chose Debentures
HENDERSON, SHUBERT, MOORE, MINOT*

Sheraton Corporation Raises \$13 Million of New Money

Ernest Henderson and Robert Moore made their real start in the hotel business with a single hotel in 1938. The Sheraton chain, 17 years later, had 18,000 rooms to offer travellers.

The Sheraton management technique is simple to propound, hard to follow: buy a hotel, improve it, manage it better, and sometimes replace it (at a profit) with a bigger and better hotel.

For 16 years this upgrading technique, aided by a merger with U. S. Realty Corporation, was sufficient. But the top managers of Sheraton had spectacular expansion plans for 1955-60—plans that called for outside capital. They consulted fellow-director James J. Minot, partner in the seventy-six-year-old investment firm of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis.

Obvious solution: additional Sheraton Corporation of America securities. But what kind?

For 5 big reasons, 6% debentures with stock purchase warrants were offered to Sheraton stockholders:

1. Sheraton Corporation common stock was selling far below its indicated asset value. Issuing additional

shares would be unfair to the common shareholders.

2. The market for preferreds was poor.

3. Given Sheraton's capital structure, additional debt securities would be a light burden.

4. Ordinary debentures would not include the chief attraction of an investment in Sheraton Corporation—an opportunity to share in projected growth.

5. The Company's own stockholders knew, better than any other group, the attractiveness of a Sheraton investment.

The \$3,273,800 underwriting by Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis was highly successful.

A few months later, Sheraton's top managers saw more opportunities to expand.

Again similar debentures were sold by Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis with other underwriters—\$10 million worth. This time to the general public and at a lower rate.

If you'd like more information about our underwriting experience and service visit or telephone any of our 40 offices, or write David J. Lewis, partner, at our New York office, 25 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. We'll be happy to give you a copy of our booklet, "Selling Large Blocks of Securities."

*Ernest Henderson, President; Irvine J. Shubert, Vice-President & General Counsel; Robert L. Moore, Vice-President & Treasurer; James J. Minot, Director, Member of Executive Committee, and partner of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis.

bribery and perjury" over to Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr., asked him to prosecute Lev and try to get back some \$450,000 Lev owes the Government for deviating from his contracts.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Robert Walter Minor, 36, was nominated for membership on the eleven-man Interstate Commerce Commission, the youngest man ever named to the oldest regulatory body in the U. S. Government. A native Ohioan and Big Man on Campus (Ohio State), Minor came to ICC by a remarkably circuitous route. He worked summer vacations as an entertainer in New York's borscht circuit, later spent a year touring 40 states with a Major Bowes unit as part of a three-man comedy act called The Micro Maniacs. Drafted



Walter Bennett

ICC NOMINEE MINOR
Grandfather painted boxcars.

into the Army in 1942, Minor rose to command a machine-gun company in the Normandy invasion (where he received the Purple Heart), went back to civilian life in 1946 with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and returned to Ohio State, where he graduated as top man in his law school class. In 1949 he became administrative assistant to Ohio's Senator John Bricker, later moved on to become assistant to Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers. Bricker, whose law firm represents the Pennsylvania Railroad, sponsored Minor for the \$15,000-a-year ICC post, but according to Rogers, "Anybody who thinks he could be persuaded by special pleading just doesn't know Bob Minor." Minor, who classifies himself "a Theodore Roosevelt Republican," says: "I'll be so completely unbiased that I'll travel in nothing but planes. No, I take that back: I am guilty of prejudice—my grandfather used to paint boxcars."

¶ Rex L. Nicholson, 53, moved into the



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presidency of Liquid Carbonic Corp., largest domestic producer of carbonic gas and dry ice (1954 net sales: \$51 million), succeeding William A. Brown, who resigned last month after control of the company passed to a stockholders' group. Texas-born Nicholson has been successively a cattle dealer in Amarillo (1910-24), a construction superintendent in Tacoma, Wash. (1924-37), assistant administrator of the Federal Works Agency, Western Division (1937-44), since 1945 president of Central Tractor & Implement Co. of Richmond, Calif.

¶ Myron C. Taylor, 82, chairman and chief executive officer of U.S. Steel from 1932 to 1938, retired as a director after 30 continuous years on the board. Brought in by the House of Morgan in 1927 to scrub the accumulated rust off the company management, Lawyer Taylor, a recognized troubleshooter, did two important

jobs for Big Steel. He reorganized its finances to weather the Depression, a decade later reorganized its labor policy to weather the social tides of the New Deal. In 1927-29 Taylor paid off \$340 million on the company's bonded indebtedness so that when the crash came the company was financially secure. In 1937 he broke with the anti-labor, coal-and-iron police tradition of Founder Elbert Gary, became the first steelmaker to sign with John L. Lewis' C.I.O. According to legend, the crack in the ranks of steel came one day in Washington's Mayflower Hotel lobby, when handsome Mrs. Taylor spied Lewis' leonine head, bade her reluctant husband: "Myron, I want to meet that man . . . so bring him over here." On retiring from active management, Taylor became a diplomatic troubleshooter for Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, was their personal emissary to the Vatican (1939-50).

MILESTONES

Died. Major Lonnie Moore, 36, one of the leading jet aces of the Korean war (ten MIG-15 kills, one probable); in the crash of the Air Force's hottest supersonic fighter, McDonnell's F-101 Voodoo, which he was testing at the Air Proving Ground Command's Eglin Air Force Base, Fla.

Died. Norman Kerry, 60, dashing hero of silent films (*The Phantom of the Opera*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*); of a liver ailment; in Los Angeles. In 1939 Kerry enlisted in the French Foreign Legion under the pseudonym Heinrich van der Kerr of Rotterdam, saw action on the Maginot Line, returned to the U.S. in 1941 after the fall of France.

Died. Clara Savage Littledale, 64, perky editor of *Parents' Magazine* (circ. 1,643,000, largest in its field) since its founding in 1926, who crusaded for better pay for teachers, school lunches, improved health exams for children and more thorough care and training for mothers; after long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Sheila Kaye-Smith, 68, British writer of finely tooled novels (*Joanna Godden*, *Susan Spray*) set in the Sussex countryside, where she spent most of her life. Sheila Kaye-Smith published her first novel at 20, married onetime Anglican Clergyman Theodore Penrose Fry, was converted to Roman Catholicism with him in 1929, and turned in her writing to religious themes.

Died. Will Winton Alexander, 71, one-time Methodist minister, and an authority on race relations, who as administrator (1937-40) of the U.S. Farm Security Administration supervised the rehabilitation of thousands of Southern tenant farmers; of a heart ailment; in Chapel Hill, N.C.

Died. Hulett Clinton Merritt, 83, financier-industrialist who was a multi-millionaire at 21, sold his rail and mining

interests to become the largest individual stockholder in U.S. Steel, was president or board chairman of 138 different companies; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Died. Henry Wickham Steed, 84, scholarly editor (1919-22) of the *Times* of London, owner and editor of the *Review of Reviews* (1923-30), author (*The Hapsburg Monarchy*, *Vital Peace*) and lecturer; in Wootton-by-Woodstock, England. Famed Pundit Steed joined the *Times* in 1896, served as foreign correspondent in European capitals, was named editor by eccentric Press Tycoon Lord Northcliffe, in an effort to boost the paper's sagging influence. A respected confidant and adviser of world statesmen, Steed predicted the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was among the first to warn of the menace of Hitler's Germany, acted as chief BBC broadcaster on world affairs during World War II.

Died. Lyonel Feininger, 84, topnotch U.S. modernist painter; in Manhattan. New York-born Feininger went to Germany in 1887 to study music, turned to painting instead, exhibited in 1913 with the Blue Rider group (Klee, Kandinsky, Franz Marc), taught painting and graphic arts at Walter Gropius' Bauhaus from 1919 to 1933. Influenced by cubism, he illuminated dark, glowing abstractions of sailboats (a famed one: *Glorious Victory of the Sloop Maria*), churches and city scenes with the placement of crystal-like shafts of light.

Died. Brigadier General (ret.) James A. Ryan, 88; in St. Petersburg, Fla. One of the Army's last Indian fighters, General Ryan spent three years in Arizona tracking Geronimo, was an intelligence officer in the Mexican border war under General Pershing, in a tour of duty as modern-language instructor at West Point had among his students Dwight Eisenhower, Omar N. Bradley.



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CINEMA

Box Office

New movies were so scarce in December that *Variety* listed only eight, instead of its usual "golden dozen," most popular for the month. The eight:

- 1) *Guys and Dolls* (Goldwyn; M-G-M)
- 2) *Cinerama Holiday* (Independent)
- 3) *The Tender Trap* (M-G-M)
- 4) *Tarantula* (Universal)
- 5) *Rebel Without a Cause* (Warner)
- 6) *The Big Knife* (United Artists)
- 7) *Good Morning, Miss Dove* (20th Century-Fox)
- 8) *The African Lion* (Buena Vista)

The New Pictures

I'll Cry Tomorrow (M-G-M). "It is better to light one candle," somebody said last year in heartfelt testimonial to Lillian Roth's bestselling autobiography of an alcoholic, "than to curse the darkness." It may be so. In any case, there is not much sense in lighting a smudge pot. This picture, based on the book, is perhaps not so murky as all that, but it certainly will not brighten the corner where it is.

Lillian Roth (Susan Hayward) as a stage child was hurried so hard by an ambitious mother (Jo Van Fleet) that she lost her real self on the road to fame. In her teens—already a name on Broadway and in pictures, where she introduced such songs as *Sing, You Sinners* and *If I Could Be With You*—Lillian tried at first to find herself in love. David died. One night she went looking for herself in a bottle. Next morning she woke up in a hotel room with a soldier. To make matters worse, they were married. They stayed married until the novelty wore off, and then they just stayed drunk.

In a couple of years, Lillian was drinking because she had to. She even married another alcoholic (Richard Conte). His proposal: "Let's go on the wagon together." They didn't. He beat her when they got drunk, and one day she ran away. Left alone, she skidded fast and hit bottom hard in a San Francisco gutter. Sent back to mother in Manhattan, she tried to kill herself and couldn't. In the end she walked into a branch office of Alcoholics Anonymous. It was the beginning of a cure and a comeback that has carried Lillian Roth, at 45, into a second career as a nightclub singer.

"This story," according to the publicity come-on, "was filmed on location . . . inside a woman's soul!" Director Daniel (*Come Back, Little Sheba*) Mann, with the help of a sharp script by Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy, gets around inside his subject with tact and agility. Susan Hayward plays her part right up to the cork; she can make the audience see not only the horror of the heroine's life but the rye humor of it, too. Jo Van Fleet is even more accomplished and convincing as the sort of stage mother who rides a child's life as a witch rides a broom.



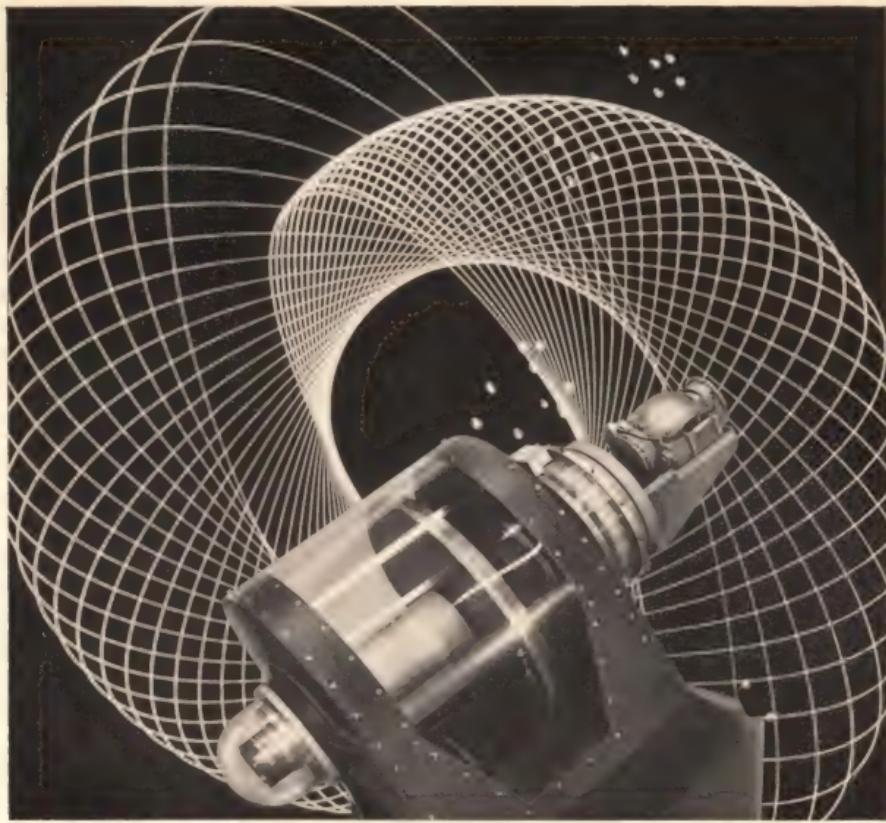
SUSAN HAYWARD AS LILLIAN ROTH
With horror and rye humor.

A drunk, however, is a drunk, and 117 minutes is a very long time to have one around. The audience has plenty of leisure in which to realize that if there is anything more tedious than a lurch, it is apt to be a reformed lurch.

The Littlest Outlaw (Walt Disney) is what the trade calls a "sweatback," i.e., a Hollywood picture made in Mexico to save money. The story is all about a little Mexican boy (Andres Velasquez) and a big chestnut horse that kiss each other. When the horse is condemned to death by its master (Pedro Armendariz), the little boy steals it and becomes what the title so stickily suggests. He hides the horse successively in a smithy, a barbershop, a ruined hacienda, a boxcar, a church. In transit, the camera takes the usual tourist shots of cactus, fiestas, religious processions, fireworks, cactus. They are all colorful, but the Technicolor looks as if it were printed on the back of an old tortilla.

The Indian Fighter (Bryno: United Artists). "Decline in creative power," said Historian Oswald (*The Decline of the West*) Spengler, is "most obvious [in] the taste for the gigantic." If this dictum is true, the moviegoer of recent years has been seeing the sharp decline of the western. Gone is love's old sweet story of strong, silent him and dimity her. In its place the studios are offering enormous spectacles on the wide screen—galumphing travesties of the traditional horse opera—in which the lusty heroes now wrestle biddies as well as baddies, and the heroines are as likely to end up in the bushes as in front of a preacher.

The Indian Fighter, first production of



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Dale Carnegie Course
 Harrison B. Taylor, Vice President

an independent company formed by Actor Kirk Douglas, is one of the more successful of Hollywood's current attempts to sow a wild oater. The picture begins with a closeup shot of a shapely Indian girl (Elsa Martinelli) undressing by the side of a forest stream. After a while a paleface (Kirk Douglas) moseys by, and the two of them engage in some water play. By the time Actor Douglas gets out of the drink, he is really in the Sioux. Old Red Cloud is attacking the fort.

Dust screens rise before the attacking tribesmen, mobile artillery lobs fireballs at the wooden stockade, and at the climactic moment an improvised land torpedo demolishes a corner of the fort. The siege is superlatively picturesque, and so is almost everything else that Cameraman Willard Cline has trained his lens on. Some spectators, though, may be mildly startled at the final fade, in which the



KIRK DOUGLAS & ELSA MARTINELLI
 Out of the drink and into the Sioux.

lovers are back in the water again, drifting sensuously downstream together with nothing on as they laugh derisively at the wagon train that rolls sturdily past them on its way to the coast. Somehow, it just doesn't seem to be the spirit that won the West.

Naked Sea (RKO Radio). Any simpleton knows how to get tuna out of a can, but it takes a special sort of chucklehead to get it out of the ocean. Anybody who sees this picture, made by Allen H. Miner and Gerald Schnitzer on a West Coast tuna clipper, will soon see why. He will also see a handsome piece of movie journalism, and so many fish that when he describes the catch his wife will hurry to fix him a cup of black coffee.

The film begins as the clipper sets out to sea. First off, the crew must "scoop" for "chum," i.e., make a haul for anchovies, to be used for bait. When at last the net makes a full purse, the ship heads for fishing grounds. A few days later, the porpoise shoal and the water birds flutter wildly overhead—the signs of tuna below.

The clipper races in, the chum begins to fly. The high-booted fishermen stand precariously in shallow metal scuppers that hang like balconies over the water, and they wield stout poles from which dangle a short line and a large bare hook. The tuna flash up to take the chum, and many get a hook instead. In hook, out fish, in hook, out fish—the work falls quickly into a pounding rhythm that maddens the blood like drums. The deck-holes are filling fast with 20-pounders that flail like thunder as the blood-mist steams above their thousand throats. The run stops as suddenly as it began. A storm is rising, and the fish go down.

For days on end, the tough little clipper rides the fierce *chubasco*, as lightning sprouts like trees on the horizon, and the towering waves break over her stout prow. Then south to the Galapagos, "the ash heap of the world." Off these volcanic isles another scoop is made for bait. On the ledges of the overhanging rocks, the huge iguana rustle, and at night a volcano spews its fairy fires. Day after day no fish, and days become weeks. The ship sets course for Peru, and there, after 13 weeks at sea, the big catch is made at last.

The dolphin give the cue, the clipper makes its play. The surface of the school, a shimmer of young fish, breaks open like taut skin as the ancients of the tribe come hurtling up to take the bait. The men in the scuppers see them coming and join forces for the battle—three poles now are roped to the same hook, and still the big backs bow and the heavy arms knot as 300-lb. tuna fly into the back troughs with each heave.

The run holds day and night until the lucky clipper is loaded to the lid with 360 tons of fish, and then she wallows home in triumph. For his four months' work, each member of the crew has made himself \$2,500—good pay if a man considers that most of it was made in 75 herculean hours.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Night My Number Came Up. Thirteen people are caught in a dream that starts to come true: a low-voltage shocker from Britain, with crackling good performances by Michael Redgrave, George Rose (TIME, Jan. 2).

The Man with the Golden Arm. Nelson Algren's tale of a hot dealer who deals himself a cold card: heroin. A painful, powerful story of human bondage, in which Frank Sinatra is unforgettable (TIME, Dec. 26).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film, gets the year's loudest laughs as she demonstrates why Italian ham is a delicacy (TIME, Dec. 10).

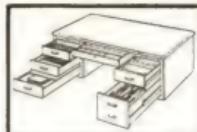
Umberito D. A man walks the plank of old age, and the Italian realist cinema dies with a gentle curse: Vittorio De Sica's most careful film (TIME, Dec. 12).

Gays and Dolls. Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine in Samuel Goldwyn's \$5,000,000 version of the Broadway musical. It's a beauty, but Sam made the prints too long (TIME, Nov. 14).

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BOOKS

The Scourge of Sanctity

THE LAMB (156 pp.)—François Mauriac—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$3).

As a brooding Roman Catholic novelist, François Mauriac (*Woman of the Pharisees, Thérèse*) has cared for his soul—and for the souls of his fellow literati—as assiduously as Voltaire advised Frenchmen to tend their gardens. The trouble with Mauriac's theologic-literary gardening is that he cultivates the weeds of sin rather more successfully than the buds of virtue. In his tormented view of the world, good wins none but moral victories.

The lamb of *The Lamb* is 22-year-old Xavier Dartigelongue, a would-be seminary student. Like Dostoevsky's "idiot" Prince Myshkin, Xavier is a fool in Christ, a saint somehow leading himself to destruction. Xavier feels himself spiritually handicapped to any human soul in need. On the train ride to the seminary, the handcuffs click when haughty Jean de Mirbel enters Xavier's compartment and reveals that he means to desert his wife.

Taunting Xavier and his faith, Mirbel agrees to go back to his wife if Xavier will forget about his seminary obligations and come with him. The dark, wind-blown mansion to which Xavier is taken is a spiritual isolation ward rife with viciousness. There is an ugly, snot-nosed, unwanted boy of nine. There is a vapid secretary-governess who purrs around Xavier like a cat on a hot tiled roof. There is the self-centered stepmother-in-law, a *grande dame sans merci*.

The gift Xavier brings them—selfless love—they cannot understand. His kindness to them merely starts Mirbel's wife primping before her mirror and stalking

him along the country lanes. As for the demoniacal Mirbel, Xavier's love only puts murder in his heart. Poor, anguished Xavier finally breaks when the local curé smugly assures him that "Christianity is true just insofar as every myth is true." Biking blindly homeward, Xavier either throws himself before Mirbel's car, or is run down in cold blood.

Either way, Mauriac's point is as somber, remorseless and debatable as his novel, i.e., that the saints have only one reward at the hands of the world, and even of its professing Christians: to be killed by the poor sinning things they love.

The Third Gravedigger

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT (684 pp.)—Paul Reynaud—Simon & Schuster (\$7.50).

When it comes to putting Frenchmen into the tumbrels of political recrimination, none are more skillful than other Frenchmen. In *The Gravediggers of France*, in 1944, French Journalist Pertinax (André Géraudi) called Paul Reynaud the third gravedigger (after Gamelin and Daladier and before Pétain and Laval). Reynaud now makes an eloquent case for the proposition that, if he helped dig the grave, it was really his political enemies who committed the murder and provided the corpse.

"Why France fell" is familiar ground, but the subject remains important because the fall of France appears to be a continuing process.

The Fiddlers. At 61, Paul Reynaud was one of that rapidly diminishing body of Frenchmen who had never been Premier. In March 1940, he assumed the premiership of France at war, and with it, disaster. Before two months had gone, the *Panzers* were smashing through Belgium and the *Stukas* were at work over the choked roads. By then the reader has progressed 340 pages into modern Europe's worst tragedy, but has heard nothing of the rumble of a falling civilization. Instead, he hears the sharp noises of those professional fiddlers—French politicians—who are always tuning up, but whose orchestra never seems to play.

Reynaud is an honest, able man. His financial policies were more sensible than most. He could envision something of what a war of movement and armor would do to France's static infantry. Above all, he knew that Hitler was not Kaiser Wilhelm I, "the old gentleman who took Alsace Lorraine from us," but a modern Genghis Khan. He knew that Laval, "the Robert Walpole* of the rabble," was squilid and detestable; that Pétain was a defeatist who had to be "kicked into" his victories in World War I, and in World War II, in the absence of all effective French arms, could only snuffle about



Wide World

RENAUD (LEFT) & COLLEAGUES* IN 1939
The French win only their arguments.

the lack of carrier pigeons. But filling the canvas with idiots, crooks and poltroons has the strange effect of diminishing Reynaud's own stature. If such malicious and devious grotesques ruled France, how is it that Reynaud, who saw so well, could not have frustrated them?

The Real Failure. Reynaud himself gives no answer to this question, but perhaps a clue might be found in the reminiscences of Pertinax. Reynaud had a mistress, Countess de Portes, whom nobody except Reynaud seems to have liked very much. He also had a wife, Anglo-Saxons believe that the French have a way of managing these things. Not so Paul Reynaud, who had the unhappy faculty of finding himself in the same *salon* with both ladies. It is possible to suspect that Paul Reynaud, for all his intelligence, lacked organizing ability. This is confirmed on the political level by the fact that as finance minister, in 1939, he was taken over by a smoothly operating squad of officials who should have been, but were not, executing his will.

Reynaud, of course, like all French politicians, has always been right. He is a brilliant self-advocate, but has never understood that politics is the art of the possible, not the plausible. On his own showing, he won every argument including the last one—with the SS colonel who locked the door on his cell at Oranienburg concentration camp. Colonel: "The Russians would have shot you long ago." Reynaud: "I did not know that you took them as mentors."

The reader may accept much of Reynaud's picture of France. But the picture that really stays in the mind is the one he has drawn by inadvertence—the picture of men who would rather lose a war than an argument.

* Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet, Premier Edouard Daladier, Labor Minister Charles Pomaret.

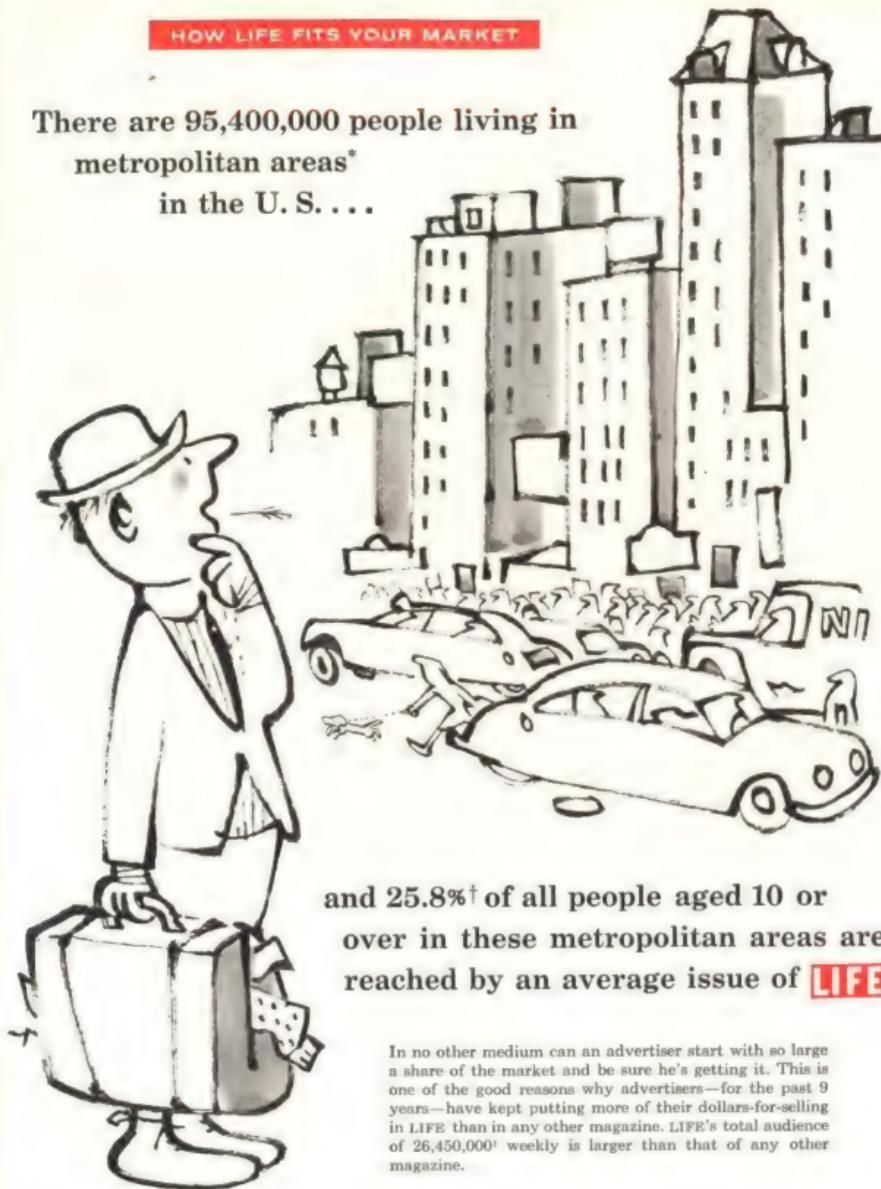


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MARY, WILLIE, ROBERT, TAD & ABE LINCOLN
For the dear codgers, a private emancipation proclamation.

They Called Him Pa

LINCOLN'S SONS [373 pp.]—Ruth Point-er Randall—Little, Brown [\$5].

Abraham Lincoln and a judge friend were bent over a chessboard when the little boy first announced that dinner was ready. Lincoln promised to come home but went on with the game. A second, more urgent call went totally unheeded. Furious, the boy marched forward and with one good kick sent board and chessmen spinning into the air. Calmly, Lincoln took the boy's hand, and turning at the door with a good-natured smile, said: "Well, Judge, I reckon we'll have to finish this game some other time." Said the judge later: "If that little rascal had been a boy of mine, he never would have applied his boots to another chessboard."

In the Shadow. Historians disagree whether the boy in question was Lincoln's eldest son Bob or his youngest, Tad, but all four Lincoln sons had received a private emancipation proclamation from the man they called "Pa." His attitude was: "Let the children have a good time." Biographer Randall (*Mary Lincoln*), widow of the late Lincoln scholar J. G. Randall, brings a mother-hen style to her bundle of anecdotes that will wholly please only devoted parents and memorabilia collectors, but the book does light up Lincoln as father, and what it means to grow up in the shadow of a great man.

Lincoln's eldest son, Robert Todd, was born nine months less three days after the Lincolns were married. His left eye was crossed, and something prim, shy and self-contained in his personality rasped always against his father's. When Bob was small, Lincoln low-rated him as "the little rare-ripe sort, that are smarter at about five than ever after." Edward, the next son, died at three. It was of him Lincoln spoke ("Here one is buried") when, as

President-elect, he bade goodbye to his Springfield neighbors. Third son William Wallace was a blue-eyed "blessed angel" and his mother's favorite. But Thomas, the baby, was Lincoln's special pet. Scanning the large head and slim frame of the infant, Lincoln dubbed him "Tadpole."

Pardon for Jack. On the inaugural train to Washington, it was just like Tad to bait dignitaries with the query "Do you want to see Old Abe?" and then gleefully point out some total stranger. To Tad and Willie, the Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer of the Lincoln family, the White House was a huge rumpus room. They found the central bell system and sent the White House staff scurrying up and down stairs in a dither over the President's safety. The "dear codgers" built a sled in the attic out of an old chair, with a copy of the *Congressional Record* for a seat, and improvised snow flurries from a binful of visiting cards left by guests.

Nightly, Tad went to bed only after the President personally undressed him and tucked him in. If "plaguy old generals," as Tad called them, took up his father's time, Tad blithely did too. He broke into his father's inner office and won one of the famous Lincoln reprimands for a toy soldier whom the children had sentenced to death: "The Doll Jack is pardoned by order of the President. A. Lincoln." The boys frequently reviewed troops along with the President, and once as Lincoln held a Union banner, Tad brashly waved a Confederate flag behind him until the President glanced back and scooped him up into the arms of an orderly who carried him out of sight.

"No One Wanted Me." Laughed died in the White House with Willie, who succumbed to an unknown fever at the age of eleven. So shattered with grief was Mary that Lincoln would not let Bob (by now a Harvard sophomore) enlist in the Union forces for fear that another death

would unsettle her mind. That death proved to be Lincoln's own.

Mrs. Lincoln developed delusions of penury (though Lincoln left an estate of more than \$100,000) and fled what she regarded as an ungrateful country to live abroad, taking Tad with her. He passed his 16th, 17th, and 18th birthdays in German and English private schools, but TB may have been secretly eating away his life, for he came home to die before brother Bob's eyes.

Dishliking politics and loving business, Bob brought the log-cabin tradition to a logical end: he married Socialite Mary Harlan and made a million dollars. Out of a sense of duty, he served as Secretary of War in Garfield's and Arthur's Cabinets and Minister to the Court of St. James's, later became president of the Pullman Co. A lifelong nagging sense of inferiority (he died in 1926) led him to say of all these honors: "No one wanted me . . . They wanted Abraham Lincoln's son."

Royal Navy Raises Caine

H.M.S. *Ulysses* [316 pp.]—Alistair MacLean—Doubleday [\$3.95].

In a British film called *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, an admiral went down with his flagship, at full salute, unfurling as the waters closed over his beard. It was, of course, a British spoof of the proud Royal Navy, whose tradition of impenetrable reticence earned it the name "Silent Service." Now that the U.S. has become the world's greatest naval power, a certain relaxation of the stiff upper lip is in order. In overstated understatement, H.M.S. *Ulysses* is trying to show that the Royal Navy had a royal and rugged time of it in World War II—and that anything the U.S. Navy can do, the Royal Navy can do better. Specifically mutinies.

This is—novelistically—the British reply to *The Caine Mutiny*. It is a bloodier affair than just getting Queeg off his teetering bridge; some 50 sailors and Royal Marines are wounded, two die in a bloody free-for-all on the decks. The H.M.S. *Ulysses* is a 5,500-ton light cruiser, "the first completely equipped radar ship in the world," the seeing-eye watchdog of the Murmansk convoy run. Unlike that long-drawn-out, suspenseful business on the *Caine*, *Ulysses'* mutiny has already taken place, and this is the story of her glorious "redemption." This being the Royal Navy, the mutiny was a lower-deck affair, and the only officer-villain goes overside. It differs from the *Caine* mutiny in another merciful respect—the characters never get ashore into the arms of sea-fogged sex.

Ulysses ships up to 500 tons of ice topside; she is under constant threat of submarine wolf packs, is harried by Stukas, Condors and Heinkels snarling out of their Norwegian airfields. The crew is fed nothing but fear, lethal cold, and the slower death of the corned-beef sandwich. On this unhappy ship all is misery; she becomes a debating society, with the crew arguing their orders and the time and manner of their death. From stoker to



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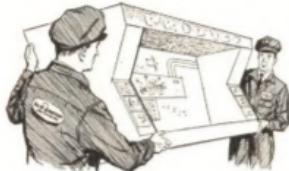
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captain, everyone is infected with what the British call "the Nelson touch," i.e., an inspired disregard for orders. There is heroism, and men die well in these brutal waters, but the admiral cracks up and wanders crazed in his pajamas.

If the *Ulysses* crew are wooden, they are admiralty specification teak. Author MacLean, a schoolteacher who served five years in the Royal Navy, has brought to his first novel an ear as sharp as sonar. The Liverpool stokers blaspheme authentically, and about the story lies the fascination of precise technical information and service jargon—the grim grammar of war. After 20 months of the terrible Murmansk run, *Ulysses* is brought to her death at the guns of a hit-and-run German cruiser. Many of those who volunteer to buy the book will wish it could be compulsory reading in Russia. It recalls a cost of Lend-Lease not in dollars or pounds but in unimaginable hardship.

Figg Leaves

THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE INFORMER (256 pp.) — Edward Hyams — Lippincott \$3.50.

This book starts with an engagingly simple idea: since British newspapers promote circulation by giving away prizes of automobiles, houses, radios and cash, why not offer readers something they can really get their teeth into? Why not, for instance, offer luscious Myrna Figg to the reader who can write the best love letter? Headed by a Machiavellian newspaperman, a group of literary zanies do just this. They take over an innocent weekly, *The Slaughterhouse Informer*, devoted to livestock prices, and stuff its dreary, beefy pages with scandalous matter. They feature Myrna Figg on the cover, over the bold caption: THIS BEAUTIFUL BRIDE MUST BE WON.

Within a week, the *Informers* circulation has risen from 500 to several million, and sweating mailmen are dragging love letters by sackfuls into the office. Apart from the great Figg feature, the *Informers* also gives some coverage to a British scientist who is suspected of having decamped Eastward with his nation's newest secret war weapon—electric eels. Another informative *Informers* exposé concerns a movement called Ethical Recreation (which may remind some readers of Moral Re-Armament); its leader, Dr. Sloper, ministers chiefly to the rich, since "the poor are always Christian, they can't afford to be anything else."

But Myrna Figg remains the solidest circulation builder. It is all good, nonsensical fun and reaches a happy end when the richest man in the world, a sheik with an oil kingdom, writes the winning love letter. But was the sheik's letter really the best? Or were the editors' palms greased just a little with sheikly oil? Novelist Hyams minces no words in his satire on the British popular press. He says that in reaching their decision, the *Informers* editors refused absolutely to let the sheik's wealth stand in the way of Myrna's happiness.

MISCELLANY

Devil in the Flesh. In London, Harold Allen, 36, explained to police that he was acting solely at the prompting of a "voice" when he angrily threw open the door of a confessional in Westminster Cathedral and punched Father Edward Bushey in the eye.

Point of No Return. In Marshfield, Wis., Motorist Richard Giles, 21, was fined \$50 and lost his driver's license for 90 days after he crashed into a county truck at the Yellow River Bridge, angrily approached the same bridge six hours later, clipped off five guard posts and somersaulted into the river.

Dilettante. In Salzgitter, Germany, after sneaking into an office building and slugging Night Watchman Kurt Dittmohbee, 57, a burglar remarked, "I beg your pardon, this is the first time I've done such a thing," bandaged his victim's cuts, departed with \$10.

Mission Accomplished. In Seattle, Wash., Earl Frederick Sunde, on parole from a sentence for second-degree burglary, admitted to police that he had stolen a car to make regular visits to his parole officer.

Deductions. In Washington, Pentagon Clerk Ruth C. Mareschall was fined \$100 for failure to file income-tax returns despite her explanation that she 1) had not responded to letters because her name was spelled incorrectly, 2) had refused to talk to agents who phoned her home because she thought they were "just trying to get a date or something."

Preventive War. In Los Angeles, Roy Campbell, 28, warily approached Brad's Cafe, which he had been caught looting four times before, noted another burglar at work, called police and pleaded: "Get out here quick and arrest this guy, or I know who you'll pick up tomorrow."

Trial & Error. In Launceston, Australia, sentenced to two years' imprisonment for fabrication of divorce evidence, Maxwell Edward Aylett, 33, bookmaker and sometime law student, announced that he had decided to forsake his legal studies, commented: "I have not any liking for criminal courts."

Progress Report. In Taegu, South Korea, two weeks after he escaped from jail, Murder Suspect Kang Woo Won sent a polite note to the prosecutor: "I wasn't feeling too well because I feared I would be executed, but I am very well now, thank you."

Personal Reply. In Cleveland, Mrs. Loretta Giarizzo, 70, in a \$25,000 suit against House Painter Stanley Gonsior, charged that he painted her arms green when she criticized the work he was doing on her garage.

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